

The Darkest Bond

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The Darkest Bond

by [ArkhamArt](#)

Summary

A darker side of Will Graham begins to emerge as he fights for his life against the endless stream of monsters intent on pulling him into their nightmares. But what they don't know, is that Will has a monster of his own. Will has Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

Starts off a wee bit slow but it will get good fast, I swear :)

I will be continuing to write more and more chapters on this story for as long as I possibly can, because I loved the series Hannibal and am distraught that it ended without really going into more... intimate parts of their relationship. I hope you like it and PLEASE let me know what you think and feel free to give ideas for what you'd like read more of because this is my first try at one of these and frankly I am just going headfirst into this.

**I am in no way affiliated with the Hannibal series and movies, I am just doing this as a fun hobby for my slow life. PLEASE DON'T SUE ME 🙏 thanks

Prologe

Will Graham had always been a man who could see inside the minds of the most dangerous criminals. He had a unique ability to empathize with them, to understand their thought processes and motivations, and used that knowledge to catch them. Will had been chasing serial killers for 4 years now on Jack Crawford's special FBI task force. But there was one killer that Will couldn't shake from his thoughts, one that had gotten under his skin in a way that none of the others had.

That killer was Dr. Hannibal Lecter, a brilliant psychiatrist, a cultured and refined man who easily navigated through the highest circles of society. But what he didn't want people to know about him was the fact that he was also a cold-blooded killer and a cannibal, who enjoyed nothing more than the rush of ruthlessly killing people he deemed rude or disrespectful and then proceeding to cook and eat his victims.

Will had suspected Hannibal's true nature for a long time, even as far back as the first copycat murder, but he had been unable to provide solid proof on this. He was drawn to Hannibal, despite his knowledge of what he was, and found himself inexplicably attracted to him. There was something about Hannibal, something dark and dangerous that made his heart race and occupied his every waking hour. He knew that his curiosity about Hannibal had grown from just trying to figure him out, to a full blown obsession.

It had not been long ago that Will had been dreading getting a call from Jack Crawford telling him that another murder had been found, and having to drag himself to another crime scene and immerse himself in the horrors that awaited him. But recently Will found himself checking his phone every few minutes and even wishing something would happen because he knew whenever there was a murder investigation, Hannibal Lecter would be right there beside him.

He didn't know when this started, his inability to satisfy his need for Hannibal but he did know it was growing at a concerningly rapid pace. The idea that Hannibal was a murderer scared him at first, that he could be capable of such violence and then go on as if nothing had happened. But now when Will imagined Hannibal taking someone's life and creating art out of their body, it excited him and he found himself longing to join him. To slowly peel off Hannibal's human suit and see him clearly produced a burning sensation in Will's chest he could never put out, at least without putting himself in a very dangerous situation. Afterall he couldn't risk Hannibal not having the same feelings for him, he had dogs he had to look after.

Will had always had a deep understanding about the human psyche, it was what made him one of the most talented criminal profilers the FBI had ever seen, but the one thing Will had always struggled with was love. He knew people were capable of it and the reasons someone would fall in love with another person, but he had been such a complicated man himself he had always thought that he would be incapable of loving anything besides his dogs. But as Will and Hannibal's professional relationship grew closer he knew his admiration of Hannibal was something more, something that had scared him more than any crime scene he had witnessed. He was in love with Hannibal Lecter.

An Unexpected Request

Chapter Summary

Will wakes, to what he thinks is going to be another uneventful day, when he gets a call from the FBI calling him to come down to a crime scene. He goes happily, hoping to see Hannibal there but gets even more than he had expected.

Chapter Notes

These chapters are gonna be long, even more so than this one. So sorry in advance if your not big on that. Also this chapter doesn't have a ton of Hannibal but trust me, there will be lots of him >:)

The day is barely beginning to creep through Will Gram's old curtains, when an obnoxious noise blares out of his phone, startling him awake. Still groggy from sleep he slams his hand down on the snooze button, but the noise continued.

"Ugh, why did I set that so loud?" Will grumbles aloud, the only response he gets are the questioning looks from his dogs who lay beside him.

Will rubs his eyes and sits up in his bed, glancing at the time on his phone.

"5:30 in the morning?"

He lets out a long, deep groan before swinging his legs over the side of the bed and shuffling over to his dresser where he fumbles around in the dim lighting until he finds his glasses and puts them on.

"Alright, well I guess I'm up. I can't believe I forgot to turn that off." He says yawning.

He stumbles back over to his alarm clock and finally clicks it off. The room falls completely silent again, except for the sound of Will's heavy breathing and the occasional sneeze from one of his dogs.

Will heads to the bathroom to splash water on his face and get dressed. He walks back to his room and searches around the clothes spread around the floor to find a shirt that smells least like dog. He grabs a pale brown dress shirt and sniffs the sleeve. He crinkles his nose in disgust, and then shrugs it off.

"Well it's not that bad, I'm sure no one will really notice."

He hasn't done his laundry in over a month and finally ran out of respectable clothes, but he couldn't seem to get out of his funk and finally clean up after himself. Will chuckles slightly to himself thinking about how Hannibal would react to this mess.

"That would be fun to see, Hannibal would probably have a heart attack," Will thinks to himself as he pushes the pile into the corner with his foot in a half effort to make things look presentable.

Will walks back over to his bed side and checks his phone for any messages, nothing. No messages or calls. Will sighs heavily and moves the endless dog legs from his place in his bed and slides back under his covers. Will wonders to himself when he started hoping for calls from the FBI. But that wasn't true, he didn't want calls from the FBI, he wanted a call from Hannibal.

Unsure how to cope with this unsatisfiable need to be near Hannibal, Will grabbed his phone and pulled the covers over his head. If he remembered correctly Hannibal had left him a voicemail a week ago and though it wasn't a great option and frankly Will knew it meant something was seriously wrong with him, he began to play the voicemail. Hannibal's voice filled the darkness under Will's covers and he felt less lonely, as if Hannibal was laying beside him holding him in his arms.

"Good evening, Will. I hope this message finds you well. I apologize for calling you so late, but I must regret to inform you that something has come up, that I can not postpone. I won't be able to keep our appointment tomorrow as planned. I was looking forward to seeing you, I value our time together -"

Hannibal's voicemail is cut off from an incoming call and Will mumbles to himself unhappily, until he sees the caller ID. is Jack Crawford FBI. Will sits straight up knocking Winston awake who was laying on his stomach.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry Winston," Will kisses Winston's nose quickly before he picks up the call. "Hello, It's Will."

"Yes, Will, I know. I called you." Jack replied sarcastically.

"Right. What did you need?"

"There's been another murder, it's bad Will. I'll tell you more when you get here, I hope you have no plans for today."

"No, I'm free. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Ok good, it's the old house on 3rd and 5th."

"Wait- Is Hannibal gonna be there?" Will slapped his hand over his mouth, he couldn't believe he had just asked that. "Cause... if it's that bad I think it would be helpful to have Hannibal's opinion."

"Uh, he's not, but that's a good idea. I'll call him right after this."

The phone hangs up. Will sits stunned on his bed, he didn't even know he was gonna ask about Hannibal until the words that already escaped his mouth. He thought back to Jack's reaction to his question and he didn't seem like he suspected anything and Will relaxed.

He knew if he ever openly expressed his feelings for Hannibal or someone figured it out it would be a dangerous game. The FBI had kept a suspicious eye on Will and Hannibal after the death of Garrett Jacob Hobbs, and if they discovered Will developed feelings for Hannibal it would only make matters worse.

Will had been trying his best to conceal his feelings for Hannibal for some time now, burying them deep inside himself and pretending everything was normal. He had continued to work very closely with Hannibal, analyzing crime scenes and talking with him during their appointments, all the while trying to keep his emotions in check.

Despite all his efforts, Will found himself even feeling a sharp pang of jealousy anytime he saw Hannibal hanging around another person. He longed to tell Hannibal how he felt and be able to touch him, but he knew it was too dangerous. Burying his feelings was the best option in his mind but deep down he knew he'd never be truly happy until he confessed to Hannibal.

Will quickly slides out of his bed, this time happy to leave the warmth of his blankets and dogs. He hurries around his house grabbing an old cup of coffee and his keys in one hand and ties his shoes with the other.

"Bye everyone, wish me luck. And Winston, don't let Rex bully Calypso." Will calls towards his dogs as he runs out the door.

Will climbs into his beat up 1980's Land Cruiser and finishes the last sips of his coffee before starting the car and driving off toward the crime scene. A contempt expression rested on Will's face as he speedily navigated traffic. He could see the red and blue flashing lights illuminating the foggy morning and Will tried to prepare himself for whatever awaited him.

As he pulled into the crime scene, people from the neighborhoods around were all crowded in front of the yard, making it impossible to enter. Beverly Katz spotted him struggling to get the crowd out of the way and signals him to pull around to the back where she parked.

Will parks his car beside Jack's car and gets out to see Beverly walking toward him.

"Well now that has got to be record time getting here from your place, what is that? 15 minutes faster than Road Maps says?" Beverly fake punches his shoulder.

"Planning on arresting me, Bev?"

"What is a best friend for if they're just gonna arrest you for speeding?"

Will grins at Beverly who is laughing at her own joke.

"Anywho, Will, Jack sent me out here to get you."

Will nodded and followed Beverly up to the house. Cops stood around the crime scene looking as if they were misplaced and didn't know what to do with themselves. Jack must have kicked them out of the house so they wouldn't contaminate the crime scene.

Beverly went inside first and walked off towards Brian Zeller in the kitchen, looking at different photos that must have been taken of the crime scene.

"Upstairs." Brian called towards Will who was looking rather lost.

"Thank you." Will said quickly as he made his way up the stairs.

As soon as Will got to the second floor he spotted Hannibal, leaning slightly against a table, making small talk with Jimmy Price. Will's face lit up immediately in a smile and he quickened his pace, eager to see Hannibal.

"Will," Jack called from the adjoining hallway, "I need you in here"

Will's smile faded and he made his way to Jack, who was standing in one of the bedrooms. The room was covered in blood, but the worst part was the two small kids torn to shreds, scattered around the room. He could feel his stomach drop and the blood drained from his face. Suddenly he felt grateful that he had skipped breakfast because he knew if he hadn't, it might be all over the crime scene right now.

"That's pretty much what I looked like when I first saw it too. I've seen some horrible things in my time but somehow the kids always get to me." Jack said as he handed Will a file.

Will tried to find some words to reply to Jack but found himself speechless, and resorted to an awkward nod. He began to walk slowly around the room making sure to avoid stepping on any blood or limbs. There seemed to be no pattern to the destruction of bodies, just rage.

"I'm missing something here, the killer used a knife but I'm still missing something he's trying to get across," Will mutters to himself.

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes to clear his mind and suddenly images flash across his mind.

"The killer was left-handed, and..." Will paused for a moment and leaned closer toward the head of one of the victims. "Jack, there's something marked behind this kid's ear."

Jack nodded and walked out of the room to get Beverly and Price, leaving Will alone. His mind was so preoccupied by trying to understand what went on in this room that Will didn't even notice Hannibal's presents.

"The killer used a serrated knife. See the way the wounds are jagged?"

Will jumped at the sound of Hannibal's voice near his ear. He was standing close behind Will. Most would have thought it was too close but Will found himself dissatisfied by the space in between them, longing for Hannibal's touch.

“What does that tell us, Hannibal?” Will tried his best to keep his cheeks from flushing as he felt Hannibal’s warm breath brush across his neck.

“It could mean that the killer was inexperienced or what I believe is more likely, they wanted to inflict as much pain as possible.” Hannibal whispers as he leaned closer to Will.

Will knew by the silence that followed Hannibal's words that he had taken the opportunity to smell him. He turned around just in time to see Hannibal's nose crinkle in disgust and a small grin crept onto Will’s face

“Oh Will, I really must introduce you to my laundry cleaner-”

“Don’t lie Hannibal you love my musk, why else would you keep sniffing me”

Hannibal's mouth forms a small grin matching Will’s. He wanted to push harder to get Hannibal to admit why he keeps smelling him but the sound of Jack and Beverly walking down the hall towards them makes Will step away to create a normal spacing between him and Hannibal, and for a second he could have sworn he saw a disappointed look on Hannibal’s face.

“Behind the ears, check them both.” Jack said to Beverly as they entered the room.

“Yep on both,” Beverly confirmed and snapped a few photos of them before rushing out of the room.

“You two downstairs, no need to stay in here longer than you need.” Jack said as he followed Beverly.

Will nodded and looked at Hannibal who motioned his hand toward the door.

“After you,” Hannibal smiled at Will.

“I’m glad you find this crime scene so amusing.”

“I find you amusing, Will.”

“Oh really? Is it my charming personality or my rugged good looks?” Will replied in a teasing manner.

“Well, it's definitely not the smell.” Hannibal said mimicking Will’s tone.

Will turned bright red, he didn’t know if he should be offended but something about Hannibal joking with him created a burning sensation in his chest that made him want to run away in embarrassment. Hannibal’s face was grinning at him, obviously pleased that he had made Will squirm. He placed his hand on Will's back and led him out of the room and down the stairs.

“About time, how long does it take for the two of you to make it down some stairs?” Jack asked with a hint of anger in his voice.

Will knew he wasn't upset at them, but this crime scene had put him in a particularly nasty mood and he knew he shouldn't do anything to upset him more.

"Sorry, I had to tie my shoe and Will waited for me." Hannibal lied.

Will looked at Hannibal, shocked that he had lied so quickly and easily to Jack about their conversation, and as Will watched him, Hannibal seemed to be intentionally avoiding his eye contact.

"I apologize, this place is really starting to get into my head and I think we should call it a day. Everyone will be needed back at the lab tomorrow to look over the evidence. Enjoy the rest of your days." Jack said as he walked toward the door.

Everyone could see Jack desperately needed to leave, and nobody was about to stop him. Waves of cops, who had been impatiently waiting outside, entered the house until it was too packed for Will and he needed to leave. Apparently everyone else felt the same because they all exited behind him. Beverly, Jimmy and Brian all waved goodbye and went off to their cars, but Hannibal stayed behind as if he was waiting for something.

Will found himself not wanting to leave just yet, not now that it was just him and Hannibal. He stood there for a moment looking at Hannibal wondering to himself how long he could keep up the charade before he cracked and told Hannibal everything.

"Will?" Hannibal asked quietly.

"Yes Hannibal?"

"I was wondering if you've had coffee today?"

Will was taken back for a second. He wasn't expecting to be asked if he drank coffee, he was hoping for something more... personal.

"Because I stumbled upon the most beautiful cafe I had ever seen and I would love to take you." Hannibal blurted out.

Hannibal's face remained the same, but Will could see in Hannibal's eyes that he was just as shocked as Will that he had just said that. Will grinned happily, taking in the sight of Hannibal flustered.

"I would love to go with you," Will chuckled. "But only if it's as beautiful as you say it is."

"Then it's a date." Hannibal grinned.

A Date With The Devil

Chapter Summary

Will has agreed to go out to have a cup of coffee with Hannibal, but they have never been on a casual outing before and Will has no idea what he is getting himself into. He must try and figure out what this means for them in their own relationship as he tries to not show Hannibal how he feels about him.

Chapter Notes

Lots of flirting and Dialogue, as well as unwanted certain red hair lady showing up. Hannibal is in this basically the whole time so enjoy seeing a more flirty and funny Hannibal. This chapter is also long so have fun, I am having so much fun making these.

“It’s a date.”

Those words echoed in Will’s mind as he walked with Hannibal toward where their cars were parked. He knew Hannibal probably didn’t mean anything by phrasing his words like that. He pondered over them, replaying it in his mind, thinking about how carefully Hannibal always chose his words and allowed himself the small bit of hope that Hannibal had actually meant it was a date.

“It’s the little cafe on 8th Ave,” Hannibal called to Will from his car. “I’ll send you the address.”

Will nodded and waved to Hannibal who waved back before getting into his car and driving off. He opened his door and climbed into his old Land Cruiser, and relaxed in his seat. He hadn’t realized how tense his body had been.

A ding on his phone caught his attention, it was Hannibal sending him the address. He quickly reached for his phone to start his directions, but couldn’t resist teasing Hannibal about texting and driving.

“Now I know why you’re such a bad driver, you text and drive.”

His phone dings back immediately.

“Sue me.”

A devious grin crept onto his face and he couldn't help but laugh. Sarcastic Hannibal was a rare sight and he always managed to catch Will off guard. Will straightened his posture and started his car. He was thankful that everyone on his team had already left because he could see his reflection in his mirror and he was a bright shade of red. He cursed himself in his mind that he had let his feelings for Hannibal go so far.

Will's hands gripped tightly on the steering wheel as he followed the directions on his phone. He couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and anxiety coursing through his veins. Part of him was thrilled to be spending time with Hannibal outside of their jobs, to see his familiar face in new lighting and listen to his perfectly cultured voice. But another part of him was nervous, unsure of what this would mean for their relationship.

As he drove, his mind wandered to their past interactions, replaying old conversations and moments in his head. He kept praying that he was making the right decisions to meet Hannibal for coffee. For what might be their first date. But then he remembered the way that Hannibal had always made him feel, the way that he could see through Will and understand him in a way that no one else ever had. He remembered how effortlessly their conversations flowed, and how Hannibal always seemed to know exactly what to say. Will felt a sense of calm wash over him. He knew that, no matter what happened, he trusted Hannibal. He trusted him with his thoughts and emotions and he wanted nothing more than to be in his arms.

Will pulled into the parking place of a small cafe, he could see Hannibal standing beside his shiny gray Bentley. He shook his head thinking how different Hannibal and his style was, everything Hannibal owned was pristine and new and everything he owned was second hand.

Hannibal spotted him pulling into a parking space and walked over to him. He was smiling and looked excited to see Will.

"Well, this place looks lovely." Will laughed as he got out of his car in a joking tone, but it really did look incredible.

"I thought so," Hannibal ignored Will's teasing him about picking such a cute looking cafe. "It's actually quite busy, but they serve the best coffee in town."

"Well if it pleased you, I'm sure it'll be the best thing I've ever tasted."

Hannibal smiled at him and led Will into the cafe. There was a small line but they both didn't seem to mind, they were relaxed and at ease just standing with each other's company.

"So, where do we wanna sit when we get our coffee?" Will asked looking around the room, it was packed.

"Don't rush these things, the table picks you." Hannibal said with a straight face.

Will stared at him for a second, trying to figure out how a table chooses someone. Hannibal looked at him and a mischievous grin spread across his face.

"Oh, you're joking," Will laughed and nudged Hannibal with his shoulder and Hannibal's grin grew into a big smile, pleased. "You had me convinced there for a second."

The person in front of them at the counter finished his order and they walked up to the small lady at the register who asked them what they wanted.

“Good morning, we would like to order two coffees please.” Hannibal replied.

“Of course, what would you like?” The barista asked nicely.

Hannibal looked at Will who realized he was waiting for him to order.

“Oh, I’ll have a cappuccino, please.”

“And I’ll have a macchiato, but can you make it with almond milk? And, Will. Pick out some food, you need to eat,” Hannibal said and Will pointed to the croissant sandwiches.

He felt like a little kid in a candy shop getting to pick whatever he wanted.

“And we’ll take two of the croissant egg sandwiches.”

“Absolutely, that will be ready in a giffy. Anything else for you two?”

Hannibal looked at Will as if to ask him if he wanted anything else.

“No, that’s perfect. Thank you.” Will replied.

“Ok, your order will be ready in a moment.”

Hannibal thanked the barista and Will followed away from the counter.

“I appreciate you buying me coffee, but please let me pay you back.” Will said as he looked at the receipt before Hannibal folded it and put it inside his wallet.

“No need, Will. It’s my pleasure.”

“I don’t want to take advantage of your generosity, please let me.”

“You’re not taking advantage, Will. I asked you out to coffee and I enjoy spoiling you.” Hannibal smiled at him but a tone in his voice lets Will know he won’t win this fight.

“Ok, well thank you, Hannibal. I appreciate your generosity.”

“Of course, Will. I enjoy your company and being able to spend time with you.” Hannibal says, pleased that Will finally let him give him a gift even if it was one so small.

The barista calls over to them saying their order was ready and they grab their drinks and sandwiches and find a place to sit. Will suggested outside on one of the two person tables and Hannibal was happy to follow him.

“I don’t even remember the last time I went out and got coffee.” Will remarked as they sat down.

“A good cup of coffee, I find, is very important. One of life's simple pleasures” Hannibal replies as he takes the lip off his cup and smells the aroma of his macchiato and sighs approvingly.

“A macchiato? Is that good? I’ve only ever gotten the cappuccino.”

“You should try it next time. The combination of espresso and almond milk is quite delightful.” Hannibal says sipping his coffee. “Though it is quite hot, but that just makes me pace myself.”

“I’ll have to take your word for it,” Will smiles at him. “And did I hear you say next time? Already making plans, I must be excellent company.”

“You are.”

Will’s cheeks turn a slight shade of pink, but Hannibal doesn’t seem to notice or at least he doesn’t comment on it. Will takes a sip of his cappuccino and lets out a satisfied sigh.

“This is really good.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

They both sit in a comfortable silence, taking the moment to enjoy their coffees and croissants, savoring the flavors. Will watches Hannibal intently as he sips his coffee, he can’t help but admire Hannibal’s poise and elegance. He thinks to himself about how even just eating a croissant sandwich, Hannibal looks like a work of art. The way he moves, and talks is all so graceful, elegant. He could have watched him all day, but Hannibal catches Will staring at him and gives him a small smile that makes color flush in his cheeks.

“Is everything all right?”

“Yeah,” Will says, trying to find a way to explain his staring. “You know, this is nice. Just sitting here, having coffee and a croissant.”

“Agreed,” Hannibal smiles at him. “Although, I must say. I was surprised you agreed to this. I wasn’t sure you’d be interested in a casual outing like this.”

“Well it’s not everyday the great Dr. Lecter takes you out to get coffee,” Will teased, although he could see, even though Hannibal was smiling, he wasn’t a fan of Will referring to him as Dr. Lecter.

“Touché.” Hannibal shrugged.

“Well if I’m being honest, it’s really nice to have someone to talk to who understands.” Will said looking at his plate unsure if he should have said even that.

Hannibal watched him fumble with his plate for a second before reaching over and grabbing Will’s hand.

“I understand more than you know, Will.”

Will looked up at Hannibal who was looking at him longingly. He paused, everything in his body told him to spill everything and confess his love for Hannibal, but he stopped himself. Hannibal squeezed his hand gently before releasing him and took another bite of his sandwich. Will stared at his hand. Hannibal's hand was no longer there but he could still feel the gentleness of him holding his hand and longed for Hannibal to touch him once more.

“Will, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask.” Hannibal said, breaking the silence.

Will looked up at him, maybe he had read his mind and knew how he felt about him.

“What’s that?” Will asked, trying to not sound nervous.

“I want to know if you’d let me cook for you. At my home.”

“Cook for me? Hannibal -” Will said shocked, he was not expecting to get a dinner invitation, but Hannibal interrupted him.

“I know it sounds strange, but I promise you won’t regret it.”

Will looked at Hannibal squirm in his seat, it was obvious he was nervous about how Will was going to respond. Cooking was very important to Hannibal and he hosted only a selected few people, Will knew this. What he also knew was that Hannibal did not serve normal meat, he was a cannibal after all, but for some reason this did not disgust him. It made him even more intrigued, and if he was being honest that scared him.

“On one condition,” Will said, knowing this would be the best time to ask something of Hannibal.

“Anything.”

“You let me take you out to dinner first, at my favorite bar.” Will grinned evilly at him. “It’ll be lots of fun I swear, there’s karaoke.”

“That sounds intriguing,” Hannibal said mulling over the proposal. “I agree. I’ll come with you to your bar if you let me cook for you.”

“It’s a date.” Will smiled at Hannibal.

Will sat back in his chair, happy that he had managed to convince Hannibal to go to a dinner of his own and without much effort, when he spotted a woman with fiery red hair walking toward him and snapping photos. He knew who it was even before her loud, and obnoxious voice called out to them.

“Well, well, well. Look who’s having a cute coffee date.” Freddie Lounds laughed to herself.

Hannibal turned around to see her only a few feet away from their table and getting closer.

“Mind if I join you?” Freddie continued as she pulled up a chair to their table and sat down, not waiting for an answer.

Hannibal turned back toward Will and they exchanged a look of annoyance.

“Well this is just great.” Will groaned, he was not happy that his time with Hannibal was being disrupted.

“Isn’t it?” Freddie took a quick photo of Will’s face before setting her camera down on the table. “You know, I spotted your cars. I thought I’d spot by and say hello.”

“Lovely.” Will remarked sarcastically and Hannibal raised his eyebrows in agreement.

“Freddie, to what do we owe the pleasure of being in your riveting company?” Hannibal asked calmly.

“Just doing some research for my latest article, I bet you two love birds heard about the family that was killed near here. Was it really as brutal as people are saying?”

Hannibal looked back at Will, who was having trouble hiding how upset he was.

“Of course, Freddie. Let me tell you everything, Freddie. Would you also like me to tie your shoes for you, Freddie?” Will replied in a condescending tone. “Because we just love telling nosey reporters everything.”

“We have no interest in being a part of your sensationalist journalism, Freddie. I’m sure you understand that we value our privacy. If you have any questions, I suggest you make an appointment like a well mannered professional would.” Hannibal said, keeping his calm tone, but it was obvious he was not in a good mood.

“Fine, be that way.” Freddie said, rolling her eyes as she stood up. “Maybe loosen up a little bit you two, You should know being such a tight-ass is not great for the sex. It’s not like I’m asking for state secrets.”

She didn’t have to say much but it was enough to push Will over the edge.

“You know what, Freddie? I’ve about had it with you sticking your nose in places it doesn’t belong. So why don’t you take your trashy tabloid and shove it up your-”

Will is interrupted by a soft kick under the table from Hannibal. He kicks him back, earning a look from Hannibal.

“Freddie, I would say it’s been lovely but it really hasn’t. I must insist you be going now.” Hannibal says in a sharp tone, letting Freddie know it is not a request.

Freddie scowls and snaps one more photo quickly before racing off. Will sighs, relieved that she finally left. She had only been there for a short time, but she seemed to have created a massive dent in the mood.

Will sat across from Hannibal drinking their coffee, but it just didn’t feel the same. He tried to think of something to talk about that could relight the fun atmosphere they had earlier but he kept coming up empty, and that when he thought of it. In fourth grade he had played a game of footsie with a girl who was having a bad day and it seemed to lighten the mood.

Will put down his coffee and kicked Hannibal's foot making him look up at him with a surprised look and raised a questioning eyebrow. Will tried his best to keep his expression neutral and kicked Hannibal's foot again. Hannibal straightened his posture in his chair and Will became anxious as to what he would do, but that was quickly squashed when he felt a soft kick under the table. He didn't know how Hannibal had done it, he had remained so still that Will didn't even see him kick him.

A smile tried its best to escape Will's neutral look and the edges of his mouth curved upward. He straightened his posture to match Hannibal's and kicked him back. He could see Hannibal's lip quiver, trying to suppress a smile and he knew it had become an unspoken game, whoever cracked first lost. He was determined that Hannibal would crack before him, but when Hannibal kicked him back he knew it was going to be difficult.

Will kicked Hannibal, he had tried before not to hit him hard but he must have accidentally gone harder than he had meant because Hannibal's head cocked slightly to the side and he received a much harder kick than normal. Will waited for a moment building up the suspense as Hannibal took a sip of coffee before kicking him, but his plan backfired when he missed and nearly fell out of his chair. It must have been hilarious looking because Hannibal spits out the coffee he was drinking and coughs violently turning red from a mix of laughter and gasping for air.

"Oh ha ha," Will laughs as he straightens back in his chair trying to brush off the embarrassment of almost falling over. "I hope it was worth it cause now you are covered in coffee."

Hannibal's face is covered by his hands and he hasn't stopped laughing at Will who is also laughing, please at how flushed red Hannibal is.

"Ahem, I did that on purpose," Will jokes. "See, it was all a part of the plan, cause now I've won."

"You won?" Hannibal grins at him. "I won, I got to see you almost fall out of your chair."

"I'm glad you found it so amusing, Hannibal."

"I did, thank you." Hannibal chuckles. "Ahem, I need a moment to compose myself."

Hannibal tries to keep a straight face but everytime they make eye contact, the both of them start cracking up again. Will tries to burn this moment into his brain, it is so rare to see Hannibal laughing so much and turning bright red. The two of them laughing at pure stupidity while trying to clean up the mess they made, it made him feel like a school boy and he never wanted the moment to end.

Hannibal takes a deep breath and closes his eyes for a second.

"Ok I think I'm finally fine." Hannibal says, but as he opens his eyes and meets Will's, the both of them let out a loud laugh that receives unapproving looks from the people near them.

“Let me just,” Will says as he takes a deep breath but as he exhales his breath turns into a growing laughter but he manages to suppress it and his lips quiver unwilling to open them knowing laughter would escape.

“Ok crisis averted I think,” Hannibal says, with a massive smile.

Will and Hannibal gather their things and start walking back to the parking lot, both smiling cheek to cheek.

“Well, that was the most fun I’ve had in a long time, Thank you Hannibal.” Will says as he stands beside his car.

“Of course, it was my pleasure Will.” Hannibal smiled at him. “And Will?”

“Yes?”

“If you ever need anything or even if you just want to hang out, you can come by anytime.” Hannibal said.

He was no longer joking and Will knew he would never offer that to just anyone.

“I will hold you to that,” Will joked. “You will regret saying that when I start showing up to your door at three in the morning.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it.”

“Goodbye, Hannibal.” Will said as he got into his car. “I needed this more than you know.”

“As did I. Have a wonderful rest of your day Will.” Hannibal replied as he stepped away from Will's car to let him reverse out of the parking space.

Will waved to Hannibal as he left. He could see him wave back as he faded into the distance.

The Calm Before The Storm

Chapter Summary

Will drives home thinking nothing in this whole world could knock him off this high, but as he pulls into his driveway he finds something that proves him wrong. A small object on his porch delivers a soul crushing blow that has him not acting straight as he finds himself knocking on Hannibal's door at 3am for help.

Chapter Notes

This chapter isn't crazy long, but some very important things happen in it that start Will on an unexpected path with Hannibal.

!!!WARNING!!! There is a death of a baby puppy who dies from it's horrible injuries, so if you are sensitive to that please, please, please know that it happens in the chapter.

Will taps his fingers on his steering wheel to the beat of his music, he hadn't felt this happy in a long time and he was planning on making it last forever. He had a long drive home, but he wasn't in any rush as he cruised down the freeway.

"Sweet Caroline, good times never felt so good!" Will started singing and bobbed his head to the beat.

"I've been inclined to believe they would never, but now I look at the night, and it don't seem so lonely. We fill it up with only two!"

As the chorus started, he turned up the volume with a deep breath, he belted it out with all his might.

"Sweet Caroline, BAH BAH BAH! Good times never felt so good! BAH BAH BAH!"

Will grinned from ear to ear, enjoying the moment. He found himself almost laughing at the idea of one day, Hannibal could be beside him singing terribly to music with him. He continues to sing to the radio until he arrives at the bend in the road that goes off toward his house.

The day went by faster than Will had realized, he must have stayed with Hannibal at the cafe for hours, though it felt like it had flown by. The sky was growing dim fast and the sound of

crickets seemed to get louder by the second. He gets out of his car and is greeted by the licking and barks of his dogs.

“Hey guys!” Will said excitedly as he pets each one as they jump up and down on him trying to get the next pets. “Did you miss me?”

The dog's barks seem to grow louder as if they were answering his question.

“Okay, okay, calm down you guys,” Will laughed as he tried to move away from his car, but the dogs swarm around him, wagging their tails.

Will smiled happily at his companions, and counted them in his head to make sure they were all accounted for.

“...5, 6, 7. Wait.” Will looks around the car. “Where is Winston?”

For a second his heart stops and he calls Winston's name frantically until he spots him sitting on the porch. Will calls Winston to come but he stays put. Unsure as to why, he makes his way toward the porch and that's when he spots a small object beside Winston.

“What do you have there boy?” Will asks bending down to see it more clearly in the dim light.

He recognizes it almost immediately. It's a small puppy wrapped in a bloody towel, as if someone had placed it there.

“Good Boy, Winston” Will says, petting his head.

He sat down quickly beside the tiny pup and scooped her up carefully to not hurt her. He didn't know what the full extent of the injuries could be. He tried his best to unwrap the towel but that effort only resulted in a heart wrenching cry from the puppy and he couldn't continue.

Will stood up and ran into the house, puppy held gently in his arms, and placed her on his kitchen counter. He quickly got a flashlight from his room and ran back to the puppy. With better lighting Will could see the places where the towel stuck to the puppy, glued there with blood. He tried once again to get the puppy free who began crying.

“I know, I know. I'm so sorry baby.” Will said, tears streaming down his cheeks but he knew he couldn't stop or the puppy had no chance at surviving the night.

He managed to get the last bit of towel free, which only revealed the real horror hidden beneath. The small dog was malnourished, and starving. She had cuts covering her body and was missing one of her front legs, which looked very recent. Any tears that Will had been trying to suppress broke free and he took a step back, unsure of what to do.

He quickly got his phone out to call animal services and the shelter, but both were closed and by the time anyone he called got there, the puppy would most likely not still be breathing. He needed to try and do something, and it needed to happen immediately.

Will had taken in dogs in all sorts of conditions, but none this bad. He didn't even know where to start. He quickly got to work wracking his brain for anything he could remember that Beverley had said about how to stop bleeding and dealing with massive wounds, and worked off of that.

It was over an hour of literally blood, sweat and tears before Will stepped back from the puppy who had long since closed her eyes, she was too exhausted and weak to cry anymore. Will had done everything he knew how, but the odds the baby was going to make it through the night was very slim. The best he could do was try and make her comfortable now and hope she clung on.

Will made a bed out of blankets on the bathroom floor with a bowl of water and food for the puppy in case she ever woke up. He locked himself and the small dog in the bathroom so none of his other dogs could bother the baby. He laid the tiny dog in the pile of blankets and curled himself around the pile watching attentively for anything to happen.

Hours passed and the puppy had barely moved. Will occasionally dipped his finger in the water bowl and transferred the drop of water to the puppies mouth and stroked her head. He could feel his eyes closing, exhausted himself, thinking about how different his night ended then he had thought it would. He had gone from such a high of being with Hannibal to it all crashing down on him with the arrival of this abused puppy.

He quickly snapped out of his thoughts when the puppy's body began to shake violently with a seizure. Tears stream out of Will's eyes, making his vision go blurry. There is nothing that he can do but watch helplessly. The puppies body slowly stopped and went limp.

"No." Will cries. "No! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I tried. I tried, but I couldn't save you. Please forgive me baby, I'm so sorry!"

Will's body shook uncontrollably as he sobbed alone in his bathroom, holding the lifeless puppy close to his chest. A deep sense of guilt creeps into his chest and he rocked back and forth trying to console himself. The loss of not being able to save the puppy hit him harder than he ever imagined.

He placed the puppy down onto the pile of blankets as gently as he would if it were still breathing, and curls up in the corner of the bathroom. He had never felt so alone in his entire life. He sat quietly as if not to wake the puppy, tears still streaming down his face.

He knew he had to bury the puppy, he had buried dogs before, but somehow this felt different from the rest. Will slowly stood up and carefully wrapped the lifeless dog in the blankets that had once been its bed. He walked outside cradling the puppy in his arms and dug a small hole in his yard to bury the puppy in.

The night pitch black when he walked back towards his house feeling a deep rooted depression trying to pull him down into a hole that he knew he might not make it back from. Maybe it was the roller coaster of emotions the day had brung or how exhausted Will felt, but he couldn't make himself step one inch further. He couldn't sleep alone in his bed, not tonight, not when he knew all he would think about was the feeling of the lifeless puppy in

his arms. Will didn't even know where he was going, but he got into his car and started driving.

He didn't realize where he had driven to until he stopped the car and got out. He was at Hannibal's house. Will stood outside the massive door debating if he should knock or if he should just leave. He knew that he couldn't go back home and Hannibal had offered his home to Will if he should need it.

Will's hand was already knocking on the door before he could stop himself, and a wave of anxiety washed over him. He was showing up to Hannibal's house covered in blood and it was obvious he had been crying and he couldn't guarantee he could control his feelings for Hannibal.

The door opened and Hannibal stood staring at Will, taken back at his appearance.

"I'm so sorry, Hannibal. I wouldn't have come if it wasn't important." Will blurted out before Hannibal could say anything. "I'm sorry for the late hour and not calling you beforehand. I didn't know where I was even going when I started driving."

"It's really no problem," Hannibal said, his tone was incredibly understanding. "Come inside, tell me what happened."

Hannibal moved out of the way for Will to come in and quickly closed the door behind him.

"You're in pajamas." Will remarked, shocked at seeing Hannibal dress in such normal looking clothing.

"Yes, I was sleeping. It is 3:30 in the morning, Will."

"I know, I just mean I thought you would be sleeping in something more... expensive." Will said, looking at Hannibal standing in a loose pair of gray sweats and an oversized t-shirt.

"Talking about my outfit, look at what you're wearing." Hannibal motioned his hand at Will.

Will hadn't noticed the full extent of what he had been wearing when he left his house. His clothes were covered in blood and sweat, which created a horrible odor that even he couldn't stand.

"It died, Hannibal." Will suddenly began to sob, his body shaking as he remembered the dead puppy. "It died, and I couldn't save it. I tried everything and it still died."

Hannibal steps closer to Will and his hands reach out to hold Will's face. His thumb stroking Will's cheek.

"Shhhh," Hannibal shushes him. "You don't have to talk about it, Will, unless you want to. Just let me help you. Let me get you some clean clothes and maybe some food if you're up to it. You can sleep here, I have an extra room if you want. You can stay as long as you need."

Will nods and wipes his nose. He knew he had made the right choice to come to Hannibal, he was always there for him.

“Follow me upstairs,” Hannibal says in a kind tone. “You can wash up in the bathroom and I’ll make you something quick down here.”

Will took in all of Hannibal's house as he follows him upstairs, it's beautiful. Of course it is, everything Hannibal owned was beautiful. And the room that Hannibal led him into is no exception. It's covered in art, with a bathroom attached to it and a walk-in closet.

“This is your guest room?” Will asks, shocked at how nice it is.

“Yes it is, and now it's yours. Make yourself at home.” Hannibal smiles at him and points to the bathroom. “The sink is in there, I’ll be back in a moment.”

And with that, Hannibal disappears and Will is left alone. He walks straight over to the sink, not wanting to get any of the blood on Hannibal's things and begins to wash off all the grime on his face.

Only a few moments later Hannibal reappears in his room with a plate of food and a set of clothes in his hands.

“You’re already looking more beautiful,” Hannibal smiles at him and hands him the clothes. “I hope these fit, they're the smallest things I own that would be comfortable to sleep in.”

“Thank you, Hannibal.” Will smiles back at him. “Really, I mean it.”

“Like I said, Will. My house is open to you whenever, and I meant that too.”

Will watches Hannibal set the plate of food down on his night stand, taking in Hannibal's figure. He had never seen him in anything other than a multiple piece suit. He watched Hannibal's trim figure press against different areas of his shirt as he moved, fascinated. He felt a yearning feeling to unwrap Hannibal slowly and see him in his full glory, to take in the beautiful art that Hannibal had made his body. Hannibal turned around, catching Will watching him and smiled.

“Well, you must be exhausted.” Hannibal said softly. “I will leave you be, if you need anything I will be in the room next door.”

“Thank you, Hannibal. Have a good night”

“Goodnight, Will.”

With that, Hannibal closed the door behind him, leaving Will alone once more. He walked back into his bathroom and began peeling off his own clothes and changed into the clothes Hannibal gave him. They hung loosely on Will's body, but he was much smaller than Hannibal. Even so he was pleased with the way they fit, and they felt like the softest pieces of clothing he had ever worn in his entire life.

Will walked back to the bedroom and slid himself under the covers. The sheets and pillows were all silk, such a difference from Will's own bed. He found himself lying, staring at the ceiling feeling very alone in this strange, new room. He no longer had his dogs sleeping beside him and he felt a twinge of sadness creep into his heart.

Regardless, Will found himself drifting to sleep, but what found him in his dreams was far from comforting. His mind kept replaying the wounded, baby puppy dying and him being unable to stop it every time. Will woke himself up to the sound of his own cries and apparently he had woken up Hannibal too, because within moments Hannibal was standing in his doorway looking concerned.

Will wanted to tell him that he was fine and that he should go back to bed but what escaped his mouth was choked sobs. Hannibal walked over to Will, and slid into the bed beside him. He wrapped his arms around Will, pulling him closer.

Will sank into Hannibal's body, and cried into his chest. Neither of them said a word as Will cried and Hannibal stroked his hair. He didn't understand how Hannibal's touch could comfort him so much, but he didn't want it to stop.

"Stay with me, Hannibal." Will said as he drifted asleep.

"Always."

A Romantic Gesture

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up to find himself wrapped in Hannibal's arms, and tries to figure out what this means for them. Is Hannibal in love with him, or is he just pitying him? Whatever the answer, Will finds himself in a bit of a situation as they are late for work and have no clothes for him to wear. Hannibal has a solution and he reluctantly agrees. As they rush to solve their problem, he finds himself falling harder for Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

By now you probably figured out that I am not gonna be skipping ahead years and am kinda going day by day, because I love the details and don't want this story to end.

Also I had such a fun time writing Hannibal and Will flirting with each other and I will be writing lots more of it >:)

Pls leave comments if you can on some chapters, they help me know if you are enjoying this story and it's just wonderful to hear what you think. If not that's totally fine, and enjoy reading!!

Will's dreams were peaceful for the first time in a long time, not haunted by the horrors of his work. He could feel himself waking up, but he kept his eyes closed, wanting to stay in this moment forever. The pressure of Hannibal's arms around him, holding him close to his chest. His heart raced slightly as he noticed the warm touch of Hannibal's hand against his stomach, a few of his fingers had found their way under his shirt in the night.

He scooted slightly backwards towards Hannibal, who was curled around him, earning him a soft moan. He could feel the rise and fall of Hannibal's stomach against his back, and the gentle pressure of his groin against his thigh. Will's face flushed red at the realization that he was pressed so close to Hannibal, finally wrapped in the arms he had dreamed about for so long.

Will reluctantly opened his eyes to look at the clock on the nightstand and saw it was 8:15 am. He groaned quietly, he never wanted to leave Hannibal's arms, but they both had to be at work by nine.

For some reason, the idea of being the person who woke up first, made Will's stomach turn and he found himself wondering how Hannibal would react to their situation, and decided to

try and wake him subtly. He closed his eyes and moved his leg, which had been under Hannibal's'. Almost immediately, he could feel Hannibal's body stretch slightly as he woke up and tried to take in his surroundings. He slowly opened his eyes, squinting at the morning light stream through the bedroom window, still feeling half asleep. He seemed to have just noticed Will, wrapped comfortably in his arms.

"Good morning," Hannibal said in a husky morning-voice, as he lifted his hand and pushed the hair out of Will's face. "At least I think, what time is it?"

"Too early," Will mumbled with his eyes still closed.

Hannibal looked over at the clock and groaned loudly, rubbing his eyes. Will opened his eyes and turned to face Hannibal who was watching him intently.

"Well, we better get up if we are going to be ready in time." Hannibal said quietly, their faces only inches from each other.

Will nodded but wished to himself that they could just skip work and stay here all day. Hannibal must have felt the same because neither of them made any effort to start getting up.

A few minutes passed before Hannibal yawned and started stretching, and Will knew they couldn't lay there any longer. He watched Hannibal slowly get up, and stretch once more. Will's eyes explored his body, able to see Hannibal's figure much clearer in the morning light. As he stretched the bottom of his shirt rose ever so slightly above his waistline. Hannibal's skin looked perfect, with no imperfections. He was truly a work of art. Will couldn't resist the temptation to let his eyes drift lower, stopping to stare at the outline of Hannibal's cock through his pants. He quickly realized what he was doing and looked away embarrassed, hoping Hannibal hadn't seen him.

Reluctantly, Will slid out of the bed and stretched, crackling his back. He let out a pleased sigh and saw Hannibal smiling at him.

"Oh no," Will gasped, realizing he had no clothes to wear to work besides his blood stained one or something of Hannibal's, which were all too large. "What am I gonna wear to work?"

"Oh," Hannibal remarked. "I completely forgot that you have no clothes here. That's a problem."

"I'll say," Will laughed. "I can't show up to work in blood stained clothes, and your nighties aren't a much better option."

"We'll have to go by a store before heading into the lab," Hannibal stated, as if he had already made up his mind.

"We're definitely gonna be late," Will sighed. "I think I have enough cash to get a respectable outfit, let me check."

"No, I'll pay." Hannibal said, pleased at the idea of getting to buy something else for Will.

“Don’t be silly, I can buy my own clothes.” Will said, and he could see Hannibal’s face get serious.

“No.”

“Hannibal- “

“No.” Hannibal cut him off.

Will could see that he wasn’t going anywhere fast in this fight, and they couldn’t be wasting time.

“Fine,” Will sighed. “But seriously, you need to quit buying everything I get.”

Hannibal smiled at him, excited that he had won this tiny battle.

“There is a new toothbrush and other toiletries in the bathroom, but if you need anything else I’ll be getting ready in my room.” Hannibal said before disappearing out of sight.

Once again Will was left alone in his large room, but he didn’t feel lonely anymore. He could still feel the pressure of Hannibal’s arm wrapped around him and felt a warm feeling wash over him. He hadn’t felt this good for years.

He walked to the bathroom and splashed water on his face. Curiosity got the better of him and he looked through each of the bathroom drawers. Just as Hannibal had said, there were lots of brand new toiletries waiting to be used.

He brushed his teeth and combed his curls. His hair still looked messy, but in a purposeful way and Will smiled at his reflection. He was still dressed in Hannibal’s pajamas, but he figured he would be until they bought something new. He was all ready to go. He sat quietly on his bed unsure of what to do next. He decided against his better judgment to go to Hannibal’s room.

Hannibal’s door was slightly open and Will gently knocked on it to announce his presence. He didn’t see Hannibal, but he could hear his voice.

“Come in, I’ll be ready in a moment.” Hannibal called out from the bathroom.

Will stepped inside the room, it was even larger than the one they had slept in last night. The room was filled with different pieces of art from paintings to statues and Will let out a small gasp as he took in how beautiful everything was. Will was inspecting a small stone statue when he heard Hannibal’s voice and turned around to look at him, only to see him walking into his closet shirtless, putting on a belt as he spoke.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” Hannibal asked as he flipped through his selection of shirts to find one that he liked.

“No, just looking around,” Will said trying to stop his cheeks from blushing as he watched Hannibal put on his shirt.

“Ok,” Hannibal smiled at him and went back to getting ready.

Will turned back to the statue, this time not because he was curious about it, but in order to hide his mix of excitement and embarrassment of seeing Hannibal so exposed. Hannibal didn't seem to mind Will watching him, but he knew he shouldn't. The way he wanted to look at Hannibal was far from innocent and he didn't want to do that without Hannibal knowing.

He felt a small tap on his shoulder and turned around to see Hannibal dressed in a sharp, tailored suit that complemented his figure perfectly. He smiled at Will.

“Time to go.”

Will nodded his head in agreement and followed Hannibal down to the bottom floor and grabbed his keys.

“Ride with me,” Hannibal suggested. “We are going to the same place and it would be easier to find parking.”

Will bit his lip and looked at his keys for a moment thinking over the proposal and looked over at Hannibal who swayed slightly waiting for his answer.

“Sure,” Will agreed, he liked the idea of getting to spend more time with Hannibal. “Good idea.”

He set back down his keys and walked with Hannibal down to his car. They both climbed inside and Will's jaw almost dropped at how clean his car was. It still had the new car smell even though he had owned it longer than Will had known him.

“This has got to be the cleanest car I've ever been in,” Will commented as Hannibal started the car and pulled out of his driveway. “You really have a thing for clean things, don't you?”

“Not everything I like is clean,” Hannibal smiled at him. “But I prefer trying to make everything I own look nice.”

A hot sensation burned in Will's chest as he couldn't help but feel like Hannibal had been talking about him. After all he wasn't the cleanest looking person, with his grunge style, and he started to notice all of the small efforts Hannibal had been making to try and make him look nicer.

Hannibal's eyes focused on the roads and Will fidgeted with the radio dial, searching for something to listen to. He finally settles on a classic rock station and turns up the volume. “Pour some sugar on me” by Def Leppard fills the car. Will listens happily to the song moving in his seat to the beat when he notices Hannibal's head bobs in time to the music, a small smile playing on his lips.

“I didn't take you for a Def Leppard fan, Hannibal.” Will grins at him.

“Ok, no way you think of me as that posh.” Hannibal replies, looking at Will who shrugs at him. “Wait, actually?”

“I don’t know, I guess I just assumed you would be more of a harp music kinda guy.” Will laughs realizing he knew almost nothing about Hannibal’s private life.

“Well I definitely need to fix that, if even you think I’m that stuck up.” Hannibal says, shaking his head in disbelief.

“Well I’m looking forward to seeing the crazy side of you,” Will teases and pokes Hannibal’s shoulder. “If it even exists.”

Hannibal opens his mouth and looks at Will with a fake offended expression making him laugh, before singing along to the chorus. Will watches Hannibal with a mix of surprise and amusement and starts singing along with him.

“Pour some sugar on me! Ooh, in the name of love. Pour some sugar on me! C’mon, fire me up. Pour your sugar on me! I can’t get enough!” Will and Hannibal sing loudly, enjoying the music. “I’m hot, sticky sweet! From my head to my feet!”

Their terrible singing continues as the song goes on, but Will’s attention is solely focused on Hannibal. His usual composed and reserved demeanor faded away as he got caught up in the music, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel.

Will couldn’t help but smile at the sight of such a serious man letting loose and enjoying himself. He felt a sense of importance as he watched Hannibal reveal a new side of himself, a side that is willing to enjoy the small moments and not be scared to embarrass himself.

As the song ends, Hannibal flashes Will with a pleased smile before focussing back on the road and humming to the next song that came on. Will sang and moved to the music the rest of the way to the clothes store, with Hannibal laughing at him when his voice cracked or he missed a line.

The two of them were in such a good mood that by the time they pulled up to the store, neither of them wanted to go back to their normal life.

“Well we are here,” Hannibal said. “We can’t take too long, we are already gonna be late as it is.”

“You seem more concerned about getting there on time than me,” Will laughed. “And you don’t even technically work there.”

“I-” Hannibal started. “I hadn’t thought of it like that.”

“Mhmmm,” Will teased. “You’re scared they’ll fire you from your ‘not’ job.”

“That’s definitely it.” Hannibal said, rolling his eyes at Will and got out of the car. Will smiled, got out of the car and followed Hannibal into a clothing shop that looked like it cost more than he’d ever make in his life. His jaw almost fell to the floor when he saw. The clothes inside, they looked nicer than any piece of clothing he had ever owned.

“Hannibal, I can’t let you buy me something this expensive.” Will said, still shocked at where Hannibal had taken him.

Hannibal turned around to face him and narrowed his eyes.

“Will.” Hannibal said leaning into Will’s face. “If you keep telling me to stop buying you things, I will never speak to you again.”

“Wait. Actually?” Will asked, and Hannibal answered his question with silence, refusing to speak. “You are very persuasive, I will stop.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at him.

“I swear,” Will promised, crossing his heart. “Now, please talk to me again.”

“Good.” Hannibal smirked at him, obviously pleased with himself.

A well-dressed salesman approaches them, taken back at Will’s outfit but when he sees Hannibal standing beside him, he regains his composure.

“Dr. Lecter, good morning. How may I assist you and your... friend?”

“I was hoping you would have something for Will, just something quick. We are in a hurry.”

“Would this be casual or fancy?”

“Casual.”

“I have just the thing for him, follow me gentlemen.” The salesman said, and walked toward the backroom.

“Dr. Lecter?” Will asked as he followed them to the changing rooms. “Come here often?”

“Not recently, but I have enjoyed their services in the past.” Hannibal smiled at him.

The salesman stopped in front of a large mirror filled room with a small platform in the center.

“Dr. Lecter is one of our favorite clients,” The salesman said as he flipped through a special rack of clothes. “We always look forward to him coming in.”

Will laughed earning himself a look from the salesman before realizing he was being completely serious. He looked back toward Hannibal who nudged him with his shoulder. He obviously found it funny that Will had just gotten scolded by the salesman.

“Please stand on the platform Mr. Will.” The salesman says signaling him to the center of the room.

“It’s just Will-”

“We are in a hurry Mr. Will,” Hannibal interrupts him. “Get on the platform.”

Will glares at Hannibal who looks way too pleased to see him standing on the tiny platform as the salesman holds outfits up to see what they would look like on him.

“You’re enjoying this too much.” Will says, folding his arms.

“Stop being such a Negative Nancy,” Hannibal smiles at him. “Let me enjoy this.”

Before Will could reply, the salesman finally decided on an outfit.

“Please try this on Mr. Will.” The salesman says, handing Will the outfit.

Will looks around the room for a place to change, but quickly realizes that he was expected to change on the platform. He hesitates for a second, feeling embarrassed with Hannibal and the salesman watching him.

“Would you like us to turn around or something?” Hannibal asks, watching Will squirm.

“No, I’m fine. Stop rushing me.” Will replied and took off the oversized clothes he had been wearing.

He couldn’t care less about the salesman watching him, but something about Hannibal staring at him while he changed made him anxious. He felt a mix of emotions fly through his mind, not wanting to be so exposed in front of Hannibal, but also wanted Hannibal to see him.

Even though he wasn’t looking at Hannibal, he could feel his eyes scouring every inch of his exposed body as he stood on the platform in nothing but his underwear. The salesman handed him the new outfit and he quickly put it on.

Will turned around in the mirror, and his face had trouble hiding how excited he was to have new clothes, especially one that complemented his figure so well. The shirt fit perfectly as if it was tailored to show off his thin frame and his pants were a solid black, but they also fit him better than any pair of pants he had ever owned.

He turned around to face Hannibal who looked thrilled seeing Will in such a beautiful outfit, even if it was so casual looking.

“So,” Will said, giving a small spin on his platform. “What do you think?”

“You’re perfect.” Hannibal replied.

Will’s cheeks turn a slight shade of pink, and Hannibal smirked at him, making him turn even more red.

“What time is it?” Will asks, trying to get Hannibal to stop staring at him.

“It’s 8:50,” Hannibal says, looking at his watch. “We need to be leaving.”

The salesman quickly put the clothes that Will had been wearing earlier into a small bag and handed it to Will.

“Have a wonderful day, gentleman.” The salesman says, leading them out to the exit. “And as always, we hope you come back soon, Dr. Lecter.”

Will followed Hannibal outside to the car.

“We didn’t pay, why did he let us go?” Will asks as he got into the car.

“Oh, they have a different payment system.” Hannibal explains. “They don’t charge you in the shop, it’s an online system they use.”

“How fancy,” Will laughs. “Doesn’t surprise me that they would have some kind of weird payment method.”

“Rich people, they always have to find a way to be extra.”

Will laughs, Hannibal couldn’t be more right. He looked over at Hannibal who was smiling happily as they pulled out of the parking lot and started driving toward the FBI’s lab where Jack Crawford was waiting impatiently for them to arrive.

The Buddy System

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal arrive late to work and get a strong scolding from Jack which puts Hannibal in a mood, but he is happy to be able to work with Will. They are trying to solve a particularly evil murderer and with the help of Hannibal, they figure out who the killer is. Unfortunately he is no where to be found and Jack forces the team to split into groups that they must stay with. Guess who Will gets, he is very pleased with his partner. The team leaves and Will is talking with Hannibal, and something massive gets revealed.

Chapter Notes

Some graphic photos of murder victims are taken about, so here's a small warning about that. Also Hannibal and Wills relationship is about to speed up!!!! I'm so excited!!!

Also some character brush up for those newer to the fandom who don't really know who's who; Brian, Jimmy and Beverly are apart of the FBI team that Will works with, and Jack is their boss... kinda. Anywho they will be apart of this whole story as kinda side characters.

PLEASE (if you can't no pressure) LEAVE COMMENTS!! They really help :)

By the time they arrived at the FBI Lab, they were over 20 minutes late.

"Well," Will sighed, getting out of the car. "I don't think any excuse we come up with is going to satisfy Jack at this point."

"Definitely not," Hannibal laughed. "Good thing I don't technically work here."

Will shook his head at Hannibal, but couldn't stop himself from smiling.

"He's still gonna chew you out."

"He better not." Hannibal joked as they headed toward the entrance.

They walk down a hallway and wait a moment for the escalator to arrive, taking them to the bottom floor. Will could feel a growing wave of anxiety wash over him and he bit his nail nervously.

“Hannibal,” Will stammered, unsure as to how he should continue. “About last night. I would appreciate if-”

“Will, I don’t share what happens in my personal life with these people.” Hannibal interrupted him. “What happened last night is nobody else's business.”

The door of the elevator opened and Will could see Jack standing in one of the glass rooms waiting for them with his arms folded.

“Thank you.” Will whispered to Hannibal as they walked into the room they should have been in over 20 minutes ago.

Will noticed Beverly looking at him from behind Jack, and she gave him a look that let him know they needed to prepare themselves for whatever Jack was going to say.

“You’re late.” Jack said angrily.

“I’m-” Hannibal started but Jack cut him off.

“I don’t give a rat's ass about whatever bullshit apology you’ve conjured up,” Jack spit at him, and Will could see Hannibal’s eyes narrow coldly. “You are both highly trained professionals, and this is not acceptable.”

“We understand that, Jack.” Will said defensively, more upset that Jack hurt Hannibal's feelings than being yelled at himself. “We are sorry, it couldn’t be avoided.”

“This is an FBI workplace, not some casual job,” Jack raised his voice. “Everything will be put second to this case, we have a child killer on the loose!”

“I know, Jack.” Will apologized. “It won’t happen again.”

Jack glared at both of them for a moment before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath to collect himself.

“It better not.” Jack said sternly, but much less upset. “Let’s stop wasting time and get on with it. Start working.”

Will nodded and Jack turned around to put some photos of the case up on a white board. Beverly looked back over to him as Will fakes wiping sweat off his forehead and she laughed quietly before going back to her work.

He noticed Hannibal hadn’t really said much since Jack so rudely cut him off and turned to face him. His face was expressionless, but his eyes were fuming even as he looked at Will after he nudged his shoulder.

“Are you ok?” Will asked quietly so no one would hear them.

“I’m fine,” Hannibal replied, but his voice was sharp and forced. “Let's get started, I need something to distract me or I’m gonna do something irrational.”

“Ok,” Will replied softly. “You can help me figure out how the killer is choosing his victims.”

Hannibal nodded in agreement and Will took him into a small room with pictures of the victim’s faces covering the walls. He knew exactly what Hannibal meant when he had said that, and he didn’t want to be called into work tomorrow to find Jack dead in his office.

They sat on opposite sides of the table, flipping through various pieces of evidence and case files. They both looked deep in thought, each in their own worlds trying to understand the killer.

“Why would this killer go through all of this trouble to mutilate the bodies to the point of almost no recognition after he killed them. Especially if it meant he could get caught?” Hannibal asked himself out loud.

“Well, all the victims were successful professionals. Maybe he had some kind of grudge against people in power.” Will said, picking up a case file.

“That’s a possibility, but that’s not the whole reason.” Hannibal nodded. “What else do they have in common?”

Will looked up at Hannibal who leaned back in his chair grinning at him. He had already figured out the motive and was waiting for Will to get there himself.

“You sneaky bastard,” Will laughed. “You already have it.”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal laughed back. “What, from his past, could be driving this killer to such extreme measures?”

Will looked at the photos of the families who had been killed, and that's when he saw a pattern.

“The parents were just shot, it was only the kids that he mutilated.” Will said, his voice getting more excited at it all started coming together. “But what message is he sending by attacking the kids of these wealthy families?”

“Ah, Will. You’re so close. Think outside of the box.” Hannibal smirked at him. “What if the killer isn’t sending a message at all?”

Will sat mulling over Hannibal's hint, but he was still confused. If there wasn’t a message, then why go through with all of the effort.

“What if the killer is just...” Hannibal leaned closer to him. “Jealous.”

“That’s it!” Will was so excited he almost shouted, and everyone in the lab turned to listen to what he was saying. “The killer is not just ripping the kids to shreds, he is destroying them. Destroying what he never had.”

Hannibal smiled approvingly at him as he continued.

“As a kid he was the child of a wealthy couple, but they never cared for him or really loved him. He’s jealous of the kids of these wealthy families who were loved and cared for by their parents, so he’s destroying what he never had.”

“Like a selfish child; if I can’t have it, neither can you.” Jack said approvingly from the doorway. “Good work.”

Will nodded his thanks to Jack who went into the other room to write the motive on the board.

“Good work.” Hannibal said, tipping an invisible hat at Will.

“Don’t even,” Will said, waving Hannibal’s invisible hat away. “You had all that figured out long before me, why didn’t you say anything?”

“I wasn’t in the mood to help anyone here but you.” Hannibal sighed and relaxed into his chair.

“Not in the mood to help stop a murderer?” Will asked, shocked at how unbelievably petty Hannibal was being. “Because Jack yelled at you?”

“Precisely.”

Will sat watching Hannibal, who had closed his eyes and sat with his arms folded in his chair. He shrugged off his petty behavior, knowing rudeness had a different effect on him than normal people.

The busy sounds of the lab seemed to have no effect on them, sitting peacefully in their room, unbothered by the photos of mutilated bodies that surrounded them. He knew he couldn’t touch or flirt with Hannibal openly, but he wanted nothing more than to curl up with him. His eyes scanning every inch of Hannibal’s face trying to memorize it the best he could, admiring every bit.

He sat back in his chair and wondered what he must think about their relationship after everything that had happened over the course of a single day. So much had changed and yet Hannibal never said anything. At least he didn’t seem put off by his behavior.

Hannibal must have sensed Will’s watching him because his eyes snapped open without warning, catching Will staring. Hannibal smiled at him and he felt blood rushing into his cheeks, embarrassed to have been caught.

“What were you thinking about?” Will asked.

“If I’m being honest,” Hannibal chuckled. “Absolutely nothing. I was just enjoying sitting here.”

“Hey you two,” Beverly said, leaning against the doorframe. “We found something about the mark behind the kids’ ear. Jack sent me in here to get you guys.”

“Thank you.” Will replied.

“You look so hot today,” Beverly blurted out, motioning at Will’s outfit. “Did you do something different, cause you gotta spill your secret.”

“Stop it, you're gonna make me blush.” Will joked, and looked at Hannibal who grinned back. “A magician never spills his secrets, sorry Bev.”

“I’ll get it out of you one of these days,” Beverly grinned. “Come on, don’t wanna keep Jack waiting.”

Will and Hannibal got up and followed her into the room that everyone was waiting in and Jack asked for them all to be seated to discuss how they would be moving forward on the case. Will sat down in between Hannibal and Beverly, and looked at Jack who was waiting for everyone's attention.

“We have made great progress on this case and I am proud of all of you for working so hard,” Jack complemented the team. “We now have not only a motive, but a lead on the killer. Beverly made the connection from the symbol on the victim's body.”

“Yes, I was able to cross search it in the system,” Beverly explained. “And it popped up as the logo of a multibillion dollar company. So I did some more digging into the owners of the company, and as it turns out, they had a son named Ben, that they had given up for adoption when he was 8 years old.”

“Wow, that's horrible.” Will muttered.

“Yes! That's exactly what I thought!” Beverly agreed. “It matched your motive too perfectly to ignore, so I looked up where Ben was now. Turns out he had just recently been released from doing 20 years for the attempted murder of his ex-girlfriend's son.”

“Yeesh,” Brian sighed. “So we arrested him right?”

“That’s the problem,” Beverly explained. “He seems to have dropped off the face of the earth about an hour ago.”

“Which means, we would like you guys to be extra careful until we have him in custody.” Jack continued. “Thanks to Freddie Lounds’s inability to stop making things worse, your names are plastered all over this case.”

“So you want us to form our own... buddy system?” Hannibal asked, voicing what everyone was wondering.

“Yes, that's exactly what I mean.” Jack answered, completely serious. “It would actually be better if you could stay close to each other, just so no one goes missing and we don’t know until it's too late.”

“Well, I have a movie night planned with Jimmy and Brian tonight. So I guess we can be a group.” Beverly offered.

“Will and Hannibal, that makes you guys a group.” Jack agreed. “We don’t have much to go on as to Ben’s whereabouts, but the FBI’s special teams are on the hunt for him now. I don’t

have much else to say besides ‘great job, and stay safe’. You are all free to go.”

Jack grabbed his briefcase and said goodbye before walking away. Beverly turned in her chair to face Will and Hannibal, to ask them a question.

“Hey, so seeing as we were all basically ordered to hangout with each other Jimmy, Brian and I were wondering if you guys would want to join us for our movie night.” Beverly asked, not sure how they would react. “If you have other plans, we totally get that, it’s so last minute-”

“I would love to come,” Will interrupted her. “And seeing as Hannibal is forced to follow me, he will be coming too.”

Beverly looked over at Hannibal for confirmation.

“I would also love to join you,” Hannibal agreed. “What movie are we watching?”

“Jimmy has never seen ‘Magic Mike’ and I just couldn’t allow that,” Beverly laughed. “But if you have problems with that kinda film, we can always pick another movie.”

“No, that one’s just fine. Especially if Jimmy hasn’t seen it.” Will grinned and Hannibal nodded in agreement.

“Sweet, You guys won’t regret it. There will be food and drinks already prepared so don’t bring anything.” Beverly said excitedly as her and the lab team waved goodbye and left for the exit. “Be there at 8:30!”

“Ok! See you then!” Will called after her, and turned around to see Hannibal grinning at him. “Your evil smile is not gonna be staying for very long, you’re stuck with me and I don’t think you completely understand what that means.”

“Really?” Hannibal bantered. “And what does being stuck with you entail?”

“Dogs.”

“Will, I don’t do well with dogs.”

“I’m a package deal, my dogs are non negotiable.” Will said determined to win this tiny battle, but he could see Hannibal was very unsure about the idea. “Come on, Hannibal. You’ll love them, I do.”

Hannibal mulled over the idea of being covered in dog hair and the foul smell that followed them around, but he knew that Will came with the dogs and there was nothing he could do about it.

“Fine, but I have some terms.” Hannibal agreed, and he could see Will’s face light up. “First, I don’t want them jumping on me. Second, I am not helping you clean up after them. And third, but by far the most important, if they ever come over to my house they can not go on my furniture. Not negotiable.”

“Of course, I wouldn’t have anything less.” Will said excitedly.

He couldn't believe Hannibal had just agreed to any of this. Not even two days ago, he would have thought any of this would ever happen in his wildest dreams. He had slept curled up in Hannibal arms, taken out to a fantastic coffee place and given the nicest outfit he had ever owned.

"Ok, well sorry to rush the dog thing." Will began as he stood up from his seat. "But we gotta go to my house to feed them."

Hannibal looked at his watch which read 3:20 pm and stood up to follow Will to the exit.

"So...how long do you think it'll be before they catch this killer?" Will asked, but what really he wanted to be asking was how long Hannibal was ok with him being so close.

"I don't really know. Could be tomorrow, could be in a couple of weeks." Hannibal replied, shrugging unworried. "Either way, you're stuck with me until they finally do catch him."

"I hope they don't catch him." Will mumbled to himself, before slapping his hand over his mouth realizing he had just said that outloud.

As soon as he realized what he had done, the room felt as if it was sinking in on him and the sudden urge to run away washed over him, but he was trapped in a small elevator with the one person he wished hadn't heard him. Hannibal turned to look at him with a look of surprise plastered on his face. Will contemplated the idea of escaping out of the elevator through the emergency exit in the ceiling as Hannibal opened his mouth to say something.

"Same."

The Power Of One Word

Chapter Summary

Hannibal had only said one word, but it changed everything. Will tries to find the courage to ask Hannibal what he had meant, fearing it could wreck everything, but what happens is far beyond his wildest dreams. Hannibal is in love with him. He takes Hannibal back to his house to get ready to go to Beverly's movie night and they make some progress in their relationship.

Chapter Notes

This has been so much fun to write, I can't believe im already at chapter 7 and at like 15,000 words!! I am so excited to start writing some love between Will and Hannibal as the tension grows >:^(

Will's eyes widened in shock and he stared at Hannibal unsure if he had just imagined him saying that or if it was real. The elevator door opened, revealing their destination and Hannibal stepped out, only stopping when he realized Will was frozen in place.

"Are you coming?" Hannibal asked innocently, as if he hadn't just dropped a bomb on Will, whose mind was racing at a million miles per hour.

He hadn't even noticed that the elevator had opened. It was such a small word 'same', but he couldn't figure out what it meant. Had Hannibal had just confessed he had feelings for him, or at least hinted they could be there?

He didn't know how long he had been standing there, only snapping back to reality when he felt Hannibal's hands cupping his face.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice sounded concerned. "Are you alright?"

"W-what?" Will stammered, unable to find words.

"You're ghostly pale and you weren't responding." Hannibal said softly as he checked Will's eyes. "Are you feeling sick?"

"I'm fine," Will assured him, but his voice faltered. "Actually... I'm not. What did you mean by saying that?"

Hannibal moved his foot, which he had been using to hold the door open, and let the elevator close. He leaned close to Will, still holding his face.

“I meant exactly what I said. I don’t want them to catch the killer.”

“Why?” Will asked quietly.

“Because I don’t want you to leave,” Hannibal whispered in a soothing tone. “I don’t want things to go back to how they were.”

Will looked up to meet Hannibal’s eyes, trying to determine if he was just curious to how he would react, or if he really meant it. For once in his life, he was absolutely certain about something; Hannibal was no longer hiding behind his carefully chosen words. He could feel a deep tension growing between them as he stared into Hannibal’s eyes.

Before he even knew what he was doing, he leaned into Hannibal, meeting his lips for the first time. It was a soft, tender kiss, but it was filled with every suppressed feeling he had been holding back for so long.

Will broke away first, a million different emotions flying through him and he took a step back.

“I am so sorry,” Will blurted out. “I don’t know what came over me.”

Hannibal just smiled at him, beaming with happiness.

“What does this mean?” Will thought out loud, pacing around the small space of the elevator. “I mean, what happens now... with us. Where does this leave us? How do we go forward? Are you-”

“Will, stop over analyzing everything.” Hannibal interrupted him, and grabbed his hand to stop his pacing. “We can be whatever you want us to be. If you want to go on like nothing happened, we can. If you want to see where this goes, we can do that too.”

Will paused for a moment, blocking out everything around them and looked down at Hannibal holding his hand. He had thought of this moment for a long time, but now that it was finally here, he found himself hopelessly unprepared.

Hannibal was a cold-blooded and ruthless murderer, he knew that, but seeing him holding his hand so gently almost made it not matter anymore. Hannibal would take care of him, he would be there to comfort him, but most of all he understood him. And that no longer scared him. Hannibal could be an accountant or a murdering machine and it wouldn’t have made a difference. He was in love with Hannibal.

“I want...” Will looked up, meeting his eyes once more. “I want us to be... more.”

“Will, I have to tell you something about me-”

“I know.” Will interrupted. “I already know what you are, Hannibal.”

Hannibal couldn't hide his obvious surprise and confusion. He was about to say something when the elevator dinged and the door opened to reveal Dr. Chilton. They moved apart and Chilton entered, standing in between them.

"Well if it isn't the FBI's most dynamic duo." Dr. Chilton said in a condescending tone. "Heard your case hit a brick wall, shame. I've heard so much about your track record Will."

"Uhuh." Will responded not paying attention to him, his eyes were glued on Hannibal.

He could see Hannibal analyzing what he had said, completely ignoring Dr. Chilton as well. The wheels in his mind were turning as he tried to figure out how he knew, he had been so careful.

"Are you guys gonna make out or something," Chilton said disgustedly. "Or are you gonna just keep eye-sexing each other?"

"Careful, Dr. Chilton. That was not professional." Hannibal said coldly.

"Please, you aren't professionals." Chilton hissed back. "You're just two freaks the FBI let loose in their facilities."

The elevator finally reached its destination and Dr. Chilton got out.

"Always a pleasure." Hannibal spoke condescendingly.

"I highly doubt that." Chilton said as the door closed, leaving them alone once more.

Hannibal wasted no time turning to Will, resuming where they had left off.

"How did you come to that conclusion?" Hannibal insisted.

"I've known you were the Ripper for a long time, Hannibal." Will explained, feeling nervous as to how he would react. "Putting together the small pieces that you leave behind in the art you create with your victims. Plus there's the way that you understand me, you know what it feels like to be a killer because you are one."

"How does that make you feel?"

"It scared me at first. A lot actually." Will confessed. "But now, I have found myself liking you more because of that very fact. I find you exhilarating and it makes me excited being around you."

Will watched Hannibal's face relax, and he looked relieved.

"Wow, I must confess I wasn't expecting that." Hannibal laughed. "But if you knew for so long, why did you not say anything?"

"Well, I wasn't entirely sure how you would react." Will laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "And I didn't tell Jack because I didn't want them to stop you. I don't want them knowing anything about you."

“What are you planning on telling them now?” Hannibal asked quietly. “You technically have my confession.”

“Nothing.” Will stated. “I don’t plan on telling them anything, about you, about us. It’s none of their business.”

Hannibal smiled at him, and squeezed his hand. The elevator dinged open and they stepped outside. Will walked with Hannibal to his car, still holding tightly onto his hand, not wanting to let go in fear that it would all slip away.

“Will,” Hannibal laughed. “I can’t get inside if you don’t let go of my hand for a second. I promise I’m not gonna run away the moment you let go.”

Will laughed, realizing how silly he had been acting and released his hand.

Hannibal started the car and began driving toward Will’s house. He stuck his hand out when they got on the main road and Will happily grabbed hold of it again, grinning in his seat. He didn’t think the day could get any better, with this newfound sense of intimacy between them.

The drive to his house felt too short, as Will relaxed into his seat. The day felt like it had lasted forever and it was only four o’clock in the afternoon. Somehow a lifetime of events had managed to erupt during this short period of time. He gazed out the window exhausted, feeling sleep trying to pull him in as Hannibal gently rubbed his thumb across Will’s hand.

A small squeeze of his hand awoke him and he opened his eyes, unsure of when he had fallen asleep.

“We are here,” Hannibal said quietly, enjoying watching him wake up. “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” Will replied, his voice was groggy from just waking up. “But I’ll be fine.”

“Your dogs are waiting for you.” Hannibal smiled as he pointed to the eight dogs sitting patiently around the car.

Will smiled back and opened the door to greet his buddies. Any illusion of calm disappeared as soon as the door opened and the dogs started jumping on him immediately and barking their hello’s.

“I get it you guys missed me, but you gotta calm down.” Will shushed them, petting them lovingly as they ran around him. “We don’t wanna scare Hannibal off.”

Hannibal laughed from his seat and reluctantly got out of the car. The moment his feet hit the ground every single one of the dogs ran to see who he was, jumping all over him.

Will laughed as he watched Hannibal try ineffectively to move away from their endless licking and paws. Seeing how helpless he looked, he decided to help him out and called the dogs who ran back to him before going to the house.

Hannibal looked distraught as he tried to brush the never ending supply of hair off his clothes.

“It’s basically pointless,” Will called to Hannibal. “They will just find their way back on you within minutes.”

“This is why I don’t have dogs,” Hannibal sighed and walked with Will toward the house. “I don’t know how you live like this.”

“With ease,” Will grinned and opened the door. “You haven’t even seen the inside of my house yet.”

Hannibal stood frozen in the doorway as he looked in horror at the mess of a room that Will called home. The dogs lay scattered around the floor and on the furniture, and there was a mountain of unwashed dishes piled in the sink. He started moving around, inspecting the space, trying his best to hide how horrified he felt about all of the mess.

Will’s house was not large, consisting of a living room that was joined to a small kitchen area, a laundry closet and a single bedroom with a bathroom, but it was more than enough for Will and his constantly growing number of dogs. He could see Hannibal trying his best to hide his horror at how he was living, but he might have been wearing a sign.

“So, what do you think?” Will asked even though he knew exactly what he thought.

“It’s... I can’t lie to you,” Hannibal answered, as his nose wrinkled at the sight of Will’s pile of clothes on the floor. “This can’t be healthy. Is there any way I could convince you to let me clean? I can’t handle this.”

“I’m sure I could be convinced.” Will grinned.

“Good,” Hannibal grinned. “But whatever you have in mind has to come after because I can’t enjoy anything seeing you live like this.”

“I can live with that,” Will agreed, and hesitantly did something he wouldn’t have dreamed about asking even a day ago. “But I want a kiss first.”

He knew no matter what they were doing, as long as his house was messy, it would be fighting him for Hannibal’s attention, but he didn’t care.

“I can live with that.” Hannibal smirked at him, and pulled Will closer to him.

Will had to stop himself from letting out a soft moan as he felt the warmth of Hannibal’s lips press against his own. His heart raced so hard it threatened to break through his chest and a warm feeling washed over him as their kiss lingered, before they broke apart.

A mix of nerves and excitement built up in him as Hannibal smiled happily at him, and he felt himself wanting more.

“Now may I please do your dishes for you?” Hannibal asked in an alluring tone as he brushed his thumb across Will’s lips.

“How can you make dishes seem so appealing?” Will laughed in disbelief. “Go crazy, I’ll start on my laundry. I also like cleaning with music, so if that bothers you, you’ll just have to cry about it.”

“Feel free,” Hannibal smiled and took off his coat. “I enjoy listening to music when cleaning, makes the time go by faster.”

Hannibal rolled up his sleeves and quickly began working on the dishes as Will turned on a groovy music station and started sorting through the endless pile of clothes on the floor. He found himself happy to actually be cleaning; the idea of finally putting himself together and listening to the sound of Hannibal hum to the music made him smile uncontrollably.

“Hello there,” Hannibal said, snapping Will out of his own little world to see one of the dogs pawing at Hannibal's leg. “What do you want?”

“That’s Winston,” Will told him as he came out of the bedroom and gestured at the dog. “He likes you, wants you to pet him.”

“Well,” Hannibal laughed as he looked at Winston, his hands covered in soap. “Sorry, Winston. I can’t help you.”

Winston sat pawing at him, not understanding why he wouldn’t pet him. Hannibal looked to Will, unsure of what to do.

“Winston, stop bothering Hannibal.” Will laughed and he stopped pawing at him but didn’t leave. “Best I can do.”

He chuckled to himself and went back to folding laundry in the other room, and listened to Hannibal trying to explain to Winston why he couldn’t pet him.

It was around six o’clock in the afternoon by the time the house was spotless, he had never seen it so clean before. The only thing that was left untouched was his fly fishing table, and none of them had a problem with that.

Hannibal did one last inspection of the place before he was satisfied with how it looked. Will flopped down on the couch, exhausted from the whole day and the amount of effort it had taken to clean up. Hannibal sat down beside him, moving some of the dogs out of his way, and sighed deeply, closing his eyes. Apparently he was exhausted as well.

“Too bad this will all be a mess again tomorrow.” Will teased, earning a disapproving look from Hannibal.

“Not if I’m still breathing.” Hannibal remarked, closing his eyes again.

Will watched him, Hannibal looked serene just sitting on a couch with a contempt look on his face. He watched the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest and how perfect his posture was even as he rested. He wanted to reach out and touch him, to squash the little bit of space between them as they sat there.

Will thought to himself for a moment, what was stopping him? Hannibal had already confessed that he liked him. Without need of further convincing, he kicked his feet up on the arm of the couch and relaxed into Hannibal's lap. Hannibal opened his eyes and smiled down at him, and did something he wasn't expecting. He wrapped his arms under Will's, turning to lay on the couch and pulled Will on top of him.

Will placed his head on Hannibal's chest and closed his eyes, relaxing completely into him as Hannibal's hands played with his curls. He smiled to himself as he laid with him, their stomachs pressed together and the warm feeling of Hannibal's leg between his own made him blush.

Hannibal moved slightly, but it was enough to make Will let out a small sound of pain.

"Are you ok?" Hannibal asked very concerned.

"Yeah, you just moved and now your hip is pressing uncomfortably on my groin." Will laughed, slightly embarrassed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry." Hannibal apologized as he kissed Will's forehead, and reajusted so that Will was now in between his legs instead of on top of them. "Better? Or are you still uncomfortable?"

"Better." Will whispered and closed his eyes again.

His cock was no longer pressed against his hip, but found himself now pressed against Hannibal's crotch. His heart raced slightly as he felt the pressure of Hannibal's dick against his body, and he tried his best to not move.

He had felt Hannibal's dick earlier that morning when he had woken up, but now that it was pressed against his own, he couldn't stop thinking about it. Even though Hannibal wasn't hard, Will was taken back at how huge he felt and couldn't help but picture how much bigger he would be hard.

Suddenly, without warning, Hannibal shot up and Will's eyes opened in surprise and that's when he saw Winston trying his best to lick Hannibal's face. Apparently he had already gotten him before he was able to move away because Hannibal was trying to wipe off his tongue with his sleeve while fighting off Winston.

"Gah!" Hannibal exclaimed in disgust. "Down, Winston!"

Apparently the sudden ruckus of Hannibal trying to get away from Winston had excited all of the other dogs because they came running over to investigate. Will laughed as he watched Hannibal try to hide under a pillow until everyone settled down. He slowly pulled the pillow down to reveal Hannibal's eyes peering back at him.

"Well that was exciting," Will laughed as he leaned over the pillow and kissed Hannibal's forehead.

“That’s not what I would have called that,” Hannibal smiled at him and looked over at the dogs sitting on the floor suspiciously as if they would attack him as soon as he looked away.

“Well I might as well introduce you to the gang,” Will grinned and stood up. “Seeing as one of them already kissed you.”

Will stretched and began to point out each dog and what their names were.

“You already know Winston, This tiny lady here is Calypso, and her brother Teddy. The poodles are Dasha and Tina. The pug is Dan. The golden husky is Dewey and the black one is Rex. But don’t let Rex near you because he likes humping legs.” Will explained.

“He what?” Hannibal asked, hoping he had heard him wrong.

“He is fond of humping people without their consent and sniffing crotches,” Will laughed. “So just scream if he starts making some unwanted moves and I’ll help get him away from you.”

“Lovely.” Hannibal sighed and looked at his watch. “Oh, we have to leave for Beverly’s house as soon as we can, or we are gonna be late.”

“Sweet, well I’m already so we can leave whenever.”

“Alright, sounds like we are ready. Let's get going.” Hannibal nodded and they made their way to the door.

“Bye everyone!” Will shouted as he closed the door and followed Hannibal to the car.

Onesie Mayhem

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go to a movie night at Beverly's house not really knowing what to expect, but find themselves pleasantly surprised.

Chapter Notes

They have a great time at the party, it's mainly a fluffy chapter of them just hanging out with people.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hannibal?" Will asked as he looked at Hannibal in the driver's seat. "I was hoping we could discuss us-"

"Will you date me?" Hannibal interrupted him.

"W-what?"

"Will you date me?" Hannibal repeated, biting his lip nervously and looked at Will. "I would like to date you, and I was wondering-"

"Yes." Will blurting out cutting off Hannibal. "I would love to date you, I thought you would never ask."

"Oh," Hannibal laughed. "I wasn't sure, you are very difficult to read sometimes."

"I try my best," Will grinned.

He reached over and grabbed Hannibal's hand, massaging his palm with his thumb.

"But I think if we are gonna do this we gotta set some ground rules." Will began.

"Oh, there are rules to dating you?" Hannibal smirked. "What might they be?"

"Well, for starters, I don't think we should tell anyone. Especially not anyone at the FBI." Will explained. "I don't think it would be smart."

"I'm good with that," Hannibal agreed. "I don't particularly like them knowing much about my private life anyway."

“Good,” Will laughed. “I don’t really have anything else besides that if I’m being honest.”

“Keep me posted if you think of any other rules you’d like.” Hannibal grinned and squeezed his hand.

“I’d like to know more about you though, you’re kinda like this big mystery I’d like to unravel.” Will admitted sheepishly.

“What would you like to know?”

“Well for starters, what’s your favorite color?”

“Woah, now you’ve gotten too personal.” Hannibal teased. “But, I think it would have to be a deep maroon. What about you?”

“That makes sense,” Will nodded as if he would have guessed that. “Mine would have to be a deep foresty green.”

“That makes sense,” Hannibal said, copying Will’s tone.

“Mhmm,” Will shook his head disapprovingly and laughed. “How do you feel about... touching?”

“From colors to touching, I like the way you think.” Hannibal grinned mischievously. “I like touching you and vice versa, but I am not fond of anyone else touching me. How about you? How do you feel about touching?”

“I’m very fond of touching you and vice versa,” Will smirked. “But I also am not fond of being touched by others, I find it off putting.”

“Good to know.”

“Yeah,” Will laughed. “What are your thoughts on being more... intimate?”

“Intimate?” Hannibal repeated, and looked over at Will who was having trouble hiding how anxious he felt about asking something like that. “As long as you’re happy and not uncomfortable, I’m happy doing whatever. What are your thoughts on being more intimate?”

Will felt himself relax, Hannibal was so open with him about everything and didn’t seem upset about being asked about something so personal. He felt as if he could do anything and Hannibal would never judge him or make him feel embarrassed. He could be himself.

“I... want to have sex with you.” Will said blatantly.

He wanted Hannibal to know exactly where he was at, and he couldn’t think of a more obvious way for putting it.

“Well, ok then.” Hannibal almost laughed, caught off guard by Will’s sudden change in tone. “I would like to have sex with you as well.”

“Well. Good.” Will smiled happily, very pleased with himself.

He never thought he would have been able to express how he felt to Hannibal, and with such great results. He sat back in his seat, still smiling as he watched Hannibal drive. He felt more confident in himself as they drove along, something about Hannibal admitting that he found him sexually attractive made him feel like a million bucks.

He knew it wasn't very healthy to let how someone thought of him to affect how he saw himself, but he could help it. Hannibal was a very attractive, wealthy man who had lots of people in his high up community drooling after him, and he had still chosen Will. Will, who didn't have a lot of money, didn't have the fancy clothes or great posture and lived alone with eight dogs. He had chosen Wil, and he couldn't help but feel important, to feel loved.

“How long are you wanting to stay at Beverly's?” Hannibal asked, as they pulled up into her driveway.

“Oh, I don't really know.” Will chuckled. “I guess, stay for the movie and then leave. I'm exhausted and I don't think I can stay up till three in the morning again.”

“Sounds like a plan, I'm good with leaving whenever you are.” Hannibal grinned happily at him.

“Well then, are you ready to go in?”

“Not really, but I'll never be more ready.” Hannibal smiled and motioned his hand to the house. “After you.”

“What a gentleman.” Will teased and got out of the car.

He knocked on the door, and Beverly opened it almost immediately, beaming with joy.

“Will! Hannibal! You're here!” She exclaimed and hugged both of them before leading them inside. “Jimmy and Brian are already here in the kitchen, probably eating all the chips as we speak, so feel free to join them. I'm just setting up the tv and grabbing blankets for everyone.”

“Thank you, Beverly” Hannibal smiled at her.

“Don't thank me yet, you don't know what's coming.” Beverly gave an evil grin and disappeared into the tv room.

“I wonder what she was talking about.” Will laughed as they entered the kitchen and Hannibal raised his eyes in agreement.

“Hey you guys! About time you got here, Beverly has a surprise for us and wouldn't say what it was until you arrived.” Jimmy waved to them and handed them both a beer.

“Well, technically they are a few minutes early.” Brian teased as he shoved a chip in his mouth. “Want any?”

“Oh! Yes please,” Will answered and grabbed a bag of chips.

He munched on the chips happily and chatted with everyone as they waited for Beverly.

“I’m gonna be honest, it’s really cool seeing you here Hannibal.” Jimmy laughed. “I thought you might not show.”

“Really? Why?” Hannibal asked, not offended in the slightest way.

“I don’t know, I just didn’t take it for your kind of scene I guess.” Jimmy smiled, shrugging his shoulders. “But obviously I was wrong, and it’s just nice seeing you in a normal setting.”

“Well, I’m glad I no longer seem like such a prick.” Hannibal laughed.

“I tried to tell him you were cool,” Brian grinned and playfully shoved Jimmy’s arm. “I could just tell you had a wild side to you.”

“No you did not!” Jimmy said, shoving him back.

“Don’t listen to him,” Brian laughed. “We are stoked you’re here.”

“Happy to be here,” Hannibal smiled as Beverly walked into the kitchen.

She had changed into a funny looking cat onesie, holding four others in her arms.

“In order to watch the movie, you must wear one of these.” She laughed and handed one out to each of them. “It’s the law, and there’s no opting out.”

The room went silent for a second as everyone tried to determine if she was serious or not.

“Sounds fun,” Will smiled, happy to try on his onesie. “Where can we get changed?”

“You guys can change in my room, or in the bathroom if you want more privacy.” Beverly grinned as she led them to her room. “Come out when you’re done, I’m excited to see how you all look.”

They all thanked her for the funny outfits before she closed the door and left them to change. No one seemed uncomfortable to be in the same space, and they all quickly got into their new pajamas.

Laughter erupted in the room as they all examined each other's outfits. Jimmy was dressed in a cow onesie, Brian got a dog, Will had the chicken one and Hannibal was a bright pink pig. Each of the onesies was huge on them, and they couldn’t stop talking about how funny each of them looked.

“Hannibal, is that a pig?” Brian laughed, almost falling over.

“I think so,” Hannibal grinned, and gave a small spin.

“You look hilarious!” Will cackled, pointing at Hannibal.

"I look hot," Hannibal laughed correcting him and smacked away Will's hand. "Talking about me looking silly, look at yourself Mr. Chicken."

"He's totally right," Jimmy and Brian laughed in agreement. "Your chicken onesie looks absolutely hysterical."

"Oh really?" Will smirked, "Says the guy with an utter on his stomach."

Everyone laughed for a little while longer and decided that Jimmy's cow onesie was the funniest looking before going into the tv room to join Beverly. She laughed so hard at all of them that she actually fell over.

"You all are gonna kill me wearing those! This is priceless!" She cackled and ran for her phone. "I have to capture this!"

She took a photo of each of them individually and then forced them all to take a group photo.

"Ok go get your food and find a spot, let's get this movie started!" Beverly ordered everyone, still laughing at their outfits.

They all quickly got their stuff, turned off all of the lights and found their seats. Will sat between Beverly and Hannibal on the couch, and Jimmy and Brian took the seats in the two recliner chairs on either side of the couch.

"Alright, let's try to keep the talking to a minimum. This is Jimmy's first time watching 'Magic Mike' and we gotta make sure he doesn't miss anything." Beverly asked and they all agreed happily as the movie started.

The couch was not very large and the three of them were squished together and trying to get comfortable.

"Hannibal, can you move over a tiny bit? I feel like I'm sitting on Beverly's lap." Will whispered, trying to be quiet.

"I can't move anymore, I feel like I'm gonna fall off the couch." Hannibal tried to move but he went nowhere.

"Sorry guys, I love this couch but it's so freaking small. I can move to the floor if you guys want." Beverly tried to whisper, but she was terrible at it.

"That's fine, you can stay on the couch. I am more than happy to move so you're both comfortable." Hannibal said quietly as he slid down onto the floor.

"Thanks Hannibal, you're the best." Beverly smiled at him as she pushed Will off of her lap. "Now move over. Goodness! You have the boniest butt ever."

"Fine, Fine, I'll move." Will laughed and scooted over, so Hannibal could lean back against his legs.

He smiled as he watched Hannibal adjust himself on the ground and patted the top of Hannibal's head.

"Thank you." Will whispered as Hannibal tilted his head back and smiled up at him.

"Of course."

By the time the movie was only halfway through, everyone had had quite a few drinks and no longer cared about being quiet as they laughed and talked about the movie. Will tried to keep his head straight as the alcohol started to make everything fuzzy and found it much harder than he had imagined to not make out with Hannibal in front of everyone.

Every so often Will would nudge Hannibal with his leg and he would turn around to smile up at him. As the night became later, everyone was wasted, beside Hannibal who had carefully watched how much he had to drink. He felt hands start to play with his hair and looked around to see Beverly half laying on Will's lap, as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"Wow, what product do you use?" Beverly laughed, half slurring her words. "You have the softest hair I have ever felt in my entire life."

Hannibal didn't answer, as she had already moved on to talk to Will about his hair.

"Will! You have to touch Hannibal's hair, it's so soft!" She said as she grabbed his hand and put it on Hannibal's head. "Jimmy, Brian come here! Isn't it soft?!"

Hannibal sat on the floor in silence, unsure of what to do as the group of them started petting and pulling his hair every which way.

"No way, that is so soft!" Jimmy and Brian agreed, before sitting down on the floor next to Hannibal and basically passing out on his lap. Beverly quickly joined them, fast asleep on Will's lap who still happily rubbed his fingers through Hannibal's hair.

"Are we driving home now?" Will asked quietly, his words slurred as well.

"No, I don't think it would be a smart idea for any of us to be driving right now." Hannibal explained as he pulled one of Will's hands down to his lips and gently kissed them.

"Ok." Will agreed softly and slid off the couch to sit next to Hannibal.

Beverly groaned for a second as Will moved, but quickly went back to sleep unbothered. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and pulled him closer to his chest, kissing his forehead.

"I like when you do that," Will murmured as he curled up against Hannibal. "I like you."

"That's very kind of you to say," Hannibal whispered, rubbing his fingers gently through Will's hair. "I like you as well."

Hannibal watched as his eyes slowly shut as he drifted off to sleep, still playing with his hair. The night grew deathly silent as everyone lay fast asleep around Hannibal, who sat quietly on the floor looking around the room. The place was a mess, covered in chip crumbs, empty wrappers and drinks. He sighed to himself and carefully stood up, making sure he didn't wake Will, and began to pick up the garbage. Beverly had been incredibly kind by hosting them and providing everyone with a wonderful night, the least he could do was have it all clean by the time they woke up because he knew they would all have massive hangovers and not feel like doing anything.

He moved around the room at a surprisingly fast rate, stepping around people and throwing away anything he saw without making a single sound. Years of sneaking up on people to catch them by surprise had paid off wonderfully, by the dawn started rising the whole place was spotless and nobody had stirred once.

He walked back to the group lying sprawled in their funny outfits across the floor and couches, and smiled to himself. He had never really liked any of Will's FBI team before, but he had decided to give them a chance knowing they were Will's friends and found himself pleasantly surprised by how much more he enjoyed spending time with them.

Hannibal bent down to Will, who was sleeping awkwardly against the couch and carefully picked him up. He was shocked by how easily he was able to carry him. He knew Will was not a very large man, but he was still surprised by how light he was.

He placed Will softly down on one of the empty recliners and positioned him until he was satisfied by how comfy he looked. Quickly he grabbed a blanket from the couch and tucked it around him, before he pulled Will's chicken onesie's hood over his head.

Hannibal stepped back, a smile playing on his lips at how cute Will looked curled up in his chicken outfit. He nodded approvingly at his work and sat back down on the floor where he had been sitting and finally relaxed, letting sleep take hold of him.

Chapter End Notes

Hahahah yes I did just put Hannibal in a Pink Pig onesie and I had a great time doing it

In the next chapter, the story takes a horrifying turn as the Ben, the killer who the FBI is looking for, kidnaps Hannibal and Will

*warning for the next chapters, there is some graphic torture and rape is mentioned but I am not gonna go into detail with that because it is a very sensitive subject.

From Heaven to Hell

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's life flips upside down as they are taken by a ruthless kidnapper

Chapter Notes

Warning!! There is some violence in this chapter

Thanks for all of the love so far, it is wonderful to see people actually reading this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day had long started by the time the group began to stir, groaning and complaining about the small amount of light trying to make its way past the curtains. Will opened his eyes reluctantly as he heard someone start moving around and quickly pulled down his hood to cover his eyes from the blinding light.

"Can someone turn that off?" Will groaned and waved his hand toward the window.

"Will, that's the sun." Hannibal laughed and shook his head.

"Well turn it off," Will grumbled as he slid out of the chair and stretched.

"Good morning to you too," Hannibal rolled his eyes and stood up to stretch as well."

Will just grumbled and rubbed his head, he had a massive hangover. Apparently everyone did as they slowly began to complain about their heads throbbing.

"Woah," Beverly stopped everyone. "Am I still drunk, or is this place spotless?"

"Nope it's spotless," Brain mumbled as he picked himself up off the floor.

Will looked over at Hannibal, knowing immediately that it was him and shook his head as he chuckled to himself. Of course Hannibal had cleaned the place up and was the only one not suffering through a hangover. Hannibal smiled over at him, pleased with himself.

Will motioned toward the chair as if to ask if it was him who had moved him there, and Hannibal nodded yes.

“I’m assuming it was you, Hannibal, who cleaned everything up.” Beverly said, tapping him on the shoulder. “I really appreciate it, it makes my life a million times easier.”

“Least I could do,” Hannibal smiled down at her. “I had a great time, thank you for hosting.”

“Yeah thank you Beverly!!” The rest of the group repeated their thanks.

“It was a blast! We have got to do this more often!” Beverly laughed and thanked everyone for coming.

Will and Hannibal changed back into their normal outfits and collected their belongings before heading out. They waved their goodbyes and walked out to Hannibal’s car.

“I loved your pig onesie on you,” Will laughed as he got into the vehicle. “You definitely need to wear that more often.”

“I’m glad you liked it so much,” Hannibal chuckled and started the car. “I’ll wear it if you promise you’ll wear your chicken one too.”

“I promise, anything to get you back into those pajamas.” Will grinned and grabbed Hannibal's hand as they drove down the road.

He slowly entwined his fingers with Hannibals and kissed his hand. Will looked over to Hannibal to say something, and that's when he saw it.

A massive, reinforced van driving right at them with no intention of stopping. Hannibal saw it too but it was seconds too late as the car slammed into the driver's side of his Bentley, flipping them several times before the car finally landed on its roof.

Will and Hannibal hung upside down in their seats, held in place by their seatbelts. Will opened his eyes, but everything was blurry and a painful ringing noise echoed in his ears. He could feel the warm wetness of his blood dripping down his face.

“Hannibal? Hannibal!” Will yelled as he looked over at Hannibal who hung unconscious in his seat covered in blood and glass. “Hannibal! Wake up, please wake up!”

He could see a pair of boots walking over to their car and a man bent down beside the driver side door looking at Will.

“Hello, Will Gram.” He said in a voice that sent shivers down Will's spine.

He was not there to help.

The man yanked the door open and cut Hannibal loose from his seat as he dragged his unconscious body into the open.

“Hannibal!!!” Will screamed, trying to wriggle out of his seat but he was stuck. “Hannibal!! WAKE UP!!”

Something clicked in Hannibal's mind and his eyes shot open. It took a moment for him to grasp what had happened and notice the man dragging him. He could hear Will screaming and instinctively quickly sank his sharp teeth into the man's hand, biting off his finger. As the man recoiled from him in pain, Hannibal tried to get away, but something was very wrong. He couldn't move. The crash had hit him much worse than he realized, one of his hips was dislocated, and he was bleeding at an alarming rate.

Faster than he had hoped, the man regained himself and was on top of Hannibal in seconds. Will watched in horror as he repeatedly struck Hannibal, who was unable to defend himself until he was lying unconscious.

The man looked over to Will and started walking toward him. Will yelled to anyone for help, but the road was empty and no one could hear his cries. As the stranger pulled him out of the car, he thrashed around hitting any part of the man that he could reach and struggled his best against him but it was all futile.

Will was thrown into the back of the van, his hands and feet tied and a bag was placed over his head. Darkness engulfed him.

He heard the sound of a loud thud next to him, which he assumed had to be Hannibal and tried to move closer to him. The sounds of the man slamming the door made him jump and he could feel sobs rising in his throat as the car began to drive.

He started to panic as the car continued onward to an unknown destination, and tried to convince himself that everything was ok to keep himself from hyperventilating inside of the stuffy bag, but nothing helped. He knew what kinds of horrible things kidnappers did to their victims, he had made a living studying them, and now he was gonna be one himself. It didn't help that Hannibal, who was not a small man, was so easily overcome by this mysterious stranger. He knew he had no chance, but then it dawned on him. The man knew who he was, he had planned this whole thing. He must want something, something the Will could possibly trade for their freedom.

It felt like hours before the van finally stopped and the door opened. Though Will couldn't see anything, he knew exactly where they were. He had grown up in the woods his whole life and was very familiar with the smell, and he immediately recognized the fresh scent of the trees as soon as the doors had opened. They were in the woods, a few miles outside of the city.

Will cried out as he felt the man grab his feet and drag him out of the trunk. He felt so helpless as the man carried him over his shoulder and set him down on a hard surface where he locked chains around Will's hands before removing the bag.

Will instinctively found himself trying to move away from the man towering over him but was unable to go very far with the chains that held him in place. The man snorted at his attempt to get away from him and turned to get something from outside.

Finally alone, Will tried to take in his surroundings in the dim lighting. He could see that he was in a small concrete room with two doors, one that led outside and he didn't know where the other led. The room had chains on each wall and a disgusting looking drain in the very center of the floor. He tried not to think about what it was used for. Will quickly turned

around to see the man dragging Hannibal's limp body into the room and chained him next to Will.

“What do you want with us?” Will asked weakly, trying not to let the fear in his voice show.

The man didn't answer as he tightened Hannibal's chains, knowing he would have the best chance of getting loose, before walking back outside. He quickly returned with a bucket in his hands and dumped its contents out on both of them. Freezing water splashed down on them, waking Hannibal from his unconscious state. Hannibal groaned loudly and tried to grab his dislocated hip but stopped when he noticed the chains around his wrists.

“What is this?” Hannibal asked, still unsure of what had happened to them or why he was chained.

“Guess I hit you a little harder than I meant, Dr. Lecter.” The man practically cackled, he obviously found it very humorous that he had hurt Hannibal.

“Who are you?” Will demanded.

“I'm offended that you didn't recognize me, Will.” The man replied as if teasing Will with his answer.

And that's why Will saw it, a scar behind the man's ear. He had seen the same mark behind the mutilated children's ears in his latest case.

“Ben.”

“Finally!” The man exclaimed as he kneeled down next to Will and began stroking his cheek.

Will flinched away from his touch and Ben smirked at him.

“You'll learn to love my touch,” Ben said in a disturbingly sexual manner that made Hannibal's blood boil with a rage he had never felt before. “You'll be begging me to touch you.”

Ben noticed Hannibal's angry and protective mannerism, and stood up to walk over to him.

“And you Hannibal. You'll learn to fear me,” Ben almost ordered as he pushed his foot down on Hannibal's hip, but Hannibal just stared at him determined to not make a sound. “You'll learn to submit to me.”

Ben took his foot off of Hannibal's hip and walked over to pick up the bucket.

“You'll both learn what happens, when you try to mess around in business that don't concern you!”

“Doesn't.” Hannibal corrected him.

“What did you say?” Ben asked, rage building in him as he walked over to Hannibal.

“The correct word is doesn’t, not don’t. You said it wrong.” Hannibal explained, he knew what would happen when he said it, but he couldn’t pass up an opportunity to be a total dick to his kidnapper.

“SHUT UP!!” Ben screamed at him, throwing the bucket at Hannibal's head and storming out of the room, slamming the door closed.

As soon as they were left alone, Hannibal let out a massive groan. He had refused to satisfy Ben by crying out but he couldn’t care less if Will knew. His hip hurt like crazy. In fact everything hurt like crazy, he had never felt this awful his entire life.

“Why did you aggravate him?” Will asked him softly, he didn’t like that it had ended up with Hannibal getting hurt more than he would have, if he had kept his mouth shut.

“I wanted to see what kind of person he was,” Hannibal explained as he moved closer to Will, who quickly slid over as close to him as possible.

Their chains stopped them from being able to move very much, but there was enough give to it that they were able to sit side by side against the wall.

“And what kind of person is he?” Will spoke quietly as he inspected Hannibal injuries.

Hannibal was covered in blood, but he could still see that under all of it that he was badly bruised. His lip was busted and he had a large cut on his forehead from where the bucket had contacted him. The worst part by far was his dislocated hip, that stuck out in a way that anyone could tell something was horribly wrong.

“Well, he’s very short tempered and egotistical.” Hannibal groaned and grabbed his hip. “Ok, you gotta pop that back in.” Will said knowing Hannibal was their best chance and if he was unable to move they would never make it.

Hannibal’s face dropped, he did not want to pop his hip back by himself but he knew Will was right. It had to happen and it would only get worse the longer he waited. He reluctantly moved closer to his chains so he could half stand. Without warning, Hannibal slammed his hip against the wall, popping it back in place.

His eyes welled with water and he could feel sobs rising in his throat and made no effort to stop them. Will felt his heart sink as he watched Hannibal lay face down on the ground crying in pain. He had never seen Hannibal shed as much as a tear as long as he had known him, and he made a silent promise to himself that he would kill Ben.

He was going to kill the man that made Hannibal cry.

Chapter End Notes

Ok so this chapter was shorter, more of a set up for the next few chapters.

!!Warning!! in the next chapter there will be implied rape and graphic violence.

At The Mercy Of A Monster

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have been taken, and the horrors have just begun

Chapter Notes

!!Warning!! Graphic violence, and rape is implied

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Will, can you move your hands at all?” Hannibal asked, trying to gauge the level of the restraints around their wrists.

“No,” Will tested his bonds, but they wouldn’t move at all. “N-No, I can’t-”

He stopped abruptly and listened carefully to the sounds around them. He could hear the footsteps approaching, and he knew they needed to prepare themselves for whatever was coming next.

“He’s coming,” Will whispered and he could feel Hannibal stiffen next to him.

The door to their concrete cell opened and Ben entered.

“I bet you missed me,” Ben said, his voice dropping with malice. “I’ve been waiting a long time for this.”

“Waiting for what?” Will asked nervously.

“I’ve been watching you since the very beginning, Will.”

“And what is it that you want?” Hannibal demanded angrily.

The man walked over to Will, looming over him.

“I want him,” Ben said, running a bandaged hand over Will’s cheek. “He’s special, you know. There’s something about him that I… I can’t resist.”

Will recoiled in disgust, his eyes widening in fear.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Will spat at him.

Ben ignored him, and turned toward Hannibal.

“But I figured, why settle for one when I can have both of you?” He laughed and tried to touch Hannibal’s face, but he quickly pulled back when Hannibal tried to bite his hand again. “I’ll just have to figure out a way to make you two stop fighting me.”

Without warning or provocation, Ben lunged at Will. Will tried his best to counter his blows, but he wasn’t effective. Ben’s fist contacted his jaw and he almost passed out. The corners of his eyes went black and he squirmed helplessly under Ben’s weight as he straddled him, rendering Will immobile.

Hannibal thrashed in his chains, desperately trying to reach Will, but Ben had him just far enough away that he could do nothing but watch in horror as Ben wrapped his hands around Will’s neck. Hannibal yelled at him as Ben began to squeeze the life out of Will, pleading with him desperately.

“Be quiet!” Ben screamed and Hannibal quickly obeyed, hoping if he listened that Ben would release Will. “I will let go if you start obeying everything I ask.”

“A-anything, I’ll do anything.” Hannibal agreed desperately as he watched Will struggle to breathe, slowly slipping away.

“Anything? Beg.” Ben demanded, taunting him as he squeezed tighter on Will’s throat.

“Yes! Please stop hurting him, I’m begging you!” Hannibal pleaded in distress.

Ben released his grip and Will coughed violently trying to get his breath.

“No! Hannibal, you can’t! Please don’t do this!” Will cried, his voice was rough and he couldn’t stop coughing.

Hannibal looked at him hopelessly. Will’s face was already bruising and covered in blood. He smiled at him weakly and Will knew that he wasn’t going to let Ben kill him if he could stop it.

“Don’t. Hannibal, please don’t!” Will sobbed and tried to reach for him. “I’m not worth it.”

“You’re worth everything.” Hannibal whispered as Ben got up and cuffed him to another chain.

Will screamed in agony as he watched Ben drag Hannibal into where the second door led, slamming it behind him. He could hear the muffled sounds coming from under the door, and tried to quiet his breathing so he could listen better.

He could hear Ben saying something to Hannibal which quickly turned into yelling, and the sounds of fists contacting limbs. Will felt tears streaming down his cheeks, and he tried his best to stop his cries in order to hear what was going on. A loud cry full of pain echoed into Will’s room and he couldn’t hold back his sobs any longer, when he heard the sound of moans creep under the door and fill his ears.

“Hannibal!” Will cried out, unsure if he could even hear him. “Hannibal! Hannibal!”

Will covered his ears to block out the horrible noises coming from the other room, he could see everything happening in his mind. The long minutes felt like hours and he quickly lost track of time as the constant stream of moans and cries poured out of the room.

He quickly sat up as he heard the door slam open. He watched with a new found rage inside him, as Ben dragged Hannibal’s body out of the room and rechained him next to Will, cursing angrily. Will looked up at him and could clearly see the bruising around Ben’s eye and busted lip. A sense of pride washed over him as he looked at the blows Hannibal had landed and had to suppress a smile.

“You fucking stupid-” Ben screamed as he kicked Hannibal in the side.

Hannibal let out a small groan, but was otherwise unresponsive. Ben stormed out of the room, holding his face as he slammed the door closed.

As soon as they were left alone, Will moved over to Hannibal. He was curled in a fetal position, shaking uncontrollably. His shirt was torn, revealing massive bruises covering his body and the horrifying noises he made every time he inhaled, let Will know his ribs were broken.

“Hannibal?” Will whispered, trying to keep his crying under control. “Hannibal? Can you move at all?”

Hannibal let out a painful cry as he rolled himself over to get closer to Will. Any effort to look strong, for Hannibal’s sake, shattered as Will pulled Hannibal toward him.

Hannibal’s face was discolored with bruises, one of his eyes was bloody and his nose was broken. Will wanted to wrap his arms around him and hold him until everything around them disappeared. but he couldn’t. His chains restricted him and he could only sit and watch Hannibal suffer.

Will watched in distress as Hannibal slowly sat up against the wall and leaned against him. He could feel Hannibal’s body shaking and the warmth of his blood that drench his clothes.

“How are you doing?” Will asked quietly, even though he already knew the answer, he wanted to make sure Hannibal didn’t start to disassociate.

“Peachy,” Hannibal groaned loudly. “How are you doing?”

“Peachy,” Will let out a half hearted laugh.

He was in so much pain that he couldn’t move, but when he thought about how much worse Hannibal must feel, he felt guilty that he couldn’t do more.

“Hannibal?” Will cleared his throat and looked over at Hannibal beside him. “I... I love you.”

Hannibal quickly turned his head toward Will, looking into his eyes as if to convince himself that he wasn't hallucinating. He paused for a second and Will felt his heart racing as he watched Hannibal try to process what he had said.

"If you don't-" Will began but Hannibal cut him off.

"I love you too." Hannibal blurted out, but paused for a second. "Wait, are you just saying that because you are pitying me?"

Will's face beamed and he shook his head.

"I have loved you for a long time, Hannibal. I was scared to tell you because there is an unknown madness in loving you, but I am no longer scared. I am in love with you, Hannibal." Will whispered softly. "I swear to you, I could never love you more than I do right now, and yet I know I will tomorrow."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter the pain and abuse continues as Will and Hannibal start to lose touch with reality.

I will be skipping ahead a bit in the timeline cause I'm not gonna write each day out for around 7 months of torture.

All Or Nothing

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have been trapped in a small room for a long time, enduring horrible abuse and starvation. They only have each other and they struggle to cling to life as their torment continues, until one day when they are forced to make a life changing choice.

Chapter Notes

!!Warning!! Graphic violence and death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days turned into weeks, and there was no sign that anyone was coming for them. They had only been given a minimal amount of water and food, just enough to keep them alive purely for the pleasure of their captor. As time went on, the torture became more intense.

Everyday, almost like clockwork, Ben would wake them up with freezing water and beat them mercilessly with metal rods, rape them, burn them with hot iron bars or inject them with some unknown liquid. They would then be left to sit in their own filth for hours on end, with no respite from the agony they endured.

Hannibal tried to remain stoic in the face of their torment, but after weeks of non stop abuse and watching Will be ravaged repeatedly, his iron will began to crack.

Slowly, Hannibal and Will began to forget what life was like outside of their prison, their friends and jobs became a distant memory. They became very familiar with the sound of each other's screams, only reassured by the others' love to keep going.

Their bodies grew weaker as the time went on, growing thinner and dissociating in order to survive. The malnourishment and torment seemed as though it would never end.

Ben seemed to grow more desperate and vicious as time went on, his obsession with Will bordering on madness as he watched their bond grow stronger from the abuse. Clinging to each other in order to survive, but he didn't want that. He wanted Will to cling to him.

The day seemed like it would be no different than any other as Will and Hannibal prepared themselves for what awaited them as Ben walked into their cage. But something was different, he didn't have a bucket of water in hand, or a bat. He was empty handed. Will watched him kneel down beside him, flinching at his touch, unsure of what he was doing.

“Will,” Ben spoke in a calm tone. “Do you love me?”

Will looked at him dumbfounded. He had tortured Will and Hannibal for what felt like an eternity and now wanted to know if he loved him? He looked at Ben for a moment and then looked at Hannibal.

“No.” Will said coldly, the only thing in the world that he loved lay beside him half dead.

Ben practically yelled in his face and slammed his fist into Will's chest, knocking the wind out of him. Will doubled over and coughed violently. Hannibal tried to move toward him, but he was unable. Too weak to have done anything anyway.

“DO YOU LOVE ME?” Ben screamed at Will, ripping his head back by his hair.

“No.” Will repeated and looked at Hannibal who watched unsure of what was going to happen.

“Oh, that’s right.” Ben hissed at him and threw Will against the wall, making his way to Hannibal. “You only love Dr. Lecter, and as long as he’s alive you won’t love me.”

Will let out a whimpering cry as the reality of what was happening sank in on him. Ben was going to kill Hannibal. He watched in horror as Ben ripped Hannibal from his chains and dragged him into the center of the room. Hannibal was too weak to put up a fight and Ben knew it.

Hannibal squirmed under his weight, but every attempt to get Ben off of him was futile. Ben’s hands were wrapped around Hannibal's throat pinning him down, and he pressed his knee down hard on Hannibal's groin.

“Please stop! Please! I’ll love you, just don’t kill him!” Will cried out, pleading with Ben as he listened to the horrible noises coming from Hannibal. “Please! I’ll do anything!”

“Do you promise?” Ben asked and pressed harder, making Hannibal writhe in pain.

“Yes! Please don’t kill him!” Will sobbed.

“I won't kill him, but you will.” Ben laughed as Will’s eyes widened in fear. “The only way you can truly love me is if you kill him yourself.”

Ben stood up and unchained Will, grabbing his hand and half dragging him to Hannibal, who lay coughing on the floor.

“Stay there darling, I’ll get you a knife.” Ben laughed and kissed Will on the forehead.

Will shook uncontrollably as he sat next to Hannibal. He was finally able to touch Hannibal for the first time in months, and cried softly as he brushed Hannibal’s hair out of his eyes. Both of their hairs had grown considerably, but it didn’t seem to bother them as it was the least of their worries. Will’s heart hurt as he sat stroking Hannibal's head remembering how soft it used to be. Now it was covered in a layer of grime and blood, but so was every part of them.

Ben's loud footsteps stomped back over to them and Will flinched as he felt his hand petting the back of his head.

"Here you go, my love." Ben cooed as he placed a large hunting knife in Will's hand. "Now, prove your love for me and kill him."

Will trembled as he looked at Hannibal. His eyes were not scared or angry, they looked peaceful and loving. He knew Hannibal wanted him to escape and if killing him was the only option, he would never have stopped him. But Will froze, he couldn't kill the only thing in life that mattered to him. He wouldn't. If Hannibal was going to die, he would damn sure be going out with him.

Without a moment of hesitation, Will turned around and sank the knife into Ben's gut. Ben recoiled for a second, but the knife seemed to have done nothing to him and he lunged at Will. They crashed across the room ripping violently at each other but Ben quickly overpowered Will and attacked him with more rage than he knew possible.

Hannibal's eyes widened in terror as he watched Ben beat Will into a lifeless pulp. A mix of pure rage and adrenaline burned through his veins like never before as he watched his Will being hurt. He quickly stood up, no longer feeling the pain. The only thought in his head was to save Will, and he would do this by any means necessary.

Hannibal lunged at Ben and jumped onto his back. He may have been skinnier than ever before, but he never had been so powerful with his adrenaline pumping a new sense of life into him. He pulled back Ben's head and sank his teeth into his neck, tearing out his throat. Blood poured out of his neck and he fell backward off of Will, screaming.

Hannibal wasted no time, wanting to inflict as much pain as possible before he died. He positioned himself on Ben's chest and slowly pressed his thumbs into his eye sockets. Gut wrenching wails escaped Ben's mouth as Hannibal's fingers gouged out his eyes. He then took the knife out of Ben's gut, stabbing him repeatedly until his lifeless body was almost unrecognizable as human. Hannibal took a step back from the body, admiring how horrible his captor looked before remembering Will and racing over to him.

Will lay unconscious on the ground, surrounded by a very scary looking pile of blood. Hannibal carefully picked him, not wanting to cause him any more pain than he already was in and quickly ran for the door.

The morning sun was blinding. After months of being trapped in a dark room, he had not realized how horrible even normal light would be. He paused for a moment and tried to take in his surroundings. They had been kept in a small concrete shed for what felt like years. The only thing around them was trees, and a small dirty road which he decided to follow as it was the only sign of humanity around them.

The task of carrying Will was easy in the beginning, but as his adrenaline began to wear off, it proved to be one of the most difficult things he had ever done. Will was a small man, even lighter from starvation, but he felt like he weighed over a ton as Hannibal held his unconscious body. Hannibal's arms and legs began to ache from the walking after not being able to move more than a few inches just moments ago. He breathed heavily and cried out in pain as he kept walking, determined to give them a fighting chance.

It had been over an hour of walking by the time they reached a solid concrete road, and Will had still not woken up. Hannibal's pace had slowed considerably and each step was excruciating. He could feel a fog coming over his eyes as his body started to collapse and he cried out as they both fell to the ground.

Tears poured out of Hannibal's eyes as he tried to stand back up but couldn't even lift his head. He was stuck face down beside the road with Will laying next to him still unconscious.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Will." Hannibal sobbed as he tried to keep going, but ran out of strength. "I can't, I can't do it. I can't save you. Forgive me."

Hannibal's eyes grew dark and he could feel himself slipping from consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote the next chapter already and will be posting it really soon. I am having so much fun writing this story and can't pace myself so sorry if I'm posting to fast. Eheh.

Also I'm so happy so many people are reading this, to be honest I didn't know if anyone would be interested. Thanks for the kudos and my first comment!! They are super encouraging and I am so grateful for anything from you guys!!

A Cry For Help

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up to find himself lying beside Hannibal far away from his prison, unsure as to how he got there. By the state that Hannibal is in, it is obvious that he must have carried him, and Will is determined to get them help.

Chapter Notes

FREEDOMMMMMMM (braveheart bagpipes start playing)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will opened his eyes. The fresh smell of the outdoors and the blinding light from the sun were almost too much for him and he curled into a fetal position to protect himself from the overwhelming new world. But then something dawned on him. He was no longer inside of the small cage that had been his home for months. He was free.

He looked around nervously as if Ben would come running out of the woods to drag him back to his prison cell, but after a few minutes he calmed down and let himself hope again that he would survive. That they would both survive.

“Hannibal!” Will yelled frantically but stopped as soon as he saw him lying beside him.
“Hannibal! Oh no.”

Will quickly scooted over to Hannibal and placed his fingers on his neck to try and find a pulse. Hannibal looked dead, and his chest did not rise and fall with his breath. Sob’s began pouring out of Will as he looked at the damaged man, he was almost unrecognizable. Hannibal’s hair was long and matted, his once beautifully tailored outfit had been torn to shreds weeks ago and he was practically naked besides a small fitting pair of shorts Ben had forced both of them to wear. His once perfectly maintained body was covered in massive wounds, he was incredibly skinny and frail looking.

Will was shaking so much that he almost missed it, a small pulse. It was weak and almost undetectable, but Hannibal's pulse was there. He could feel his heart almost leap out of his chest in excitement, they had both made it out alive. But they weren’t done yet, they still were stuck, unable to reach humanity.

Will stood up slowly, trying to get used to moving again and leaned over to try and move Hannibal but it proved impossible. Something was definitely wrong with his arm; he couldn't

move it and the moment he touched Hannibal, it felt like knives were stabbing him. Broken. His arm was definitely broken.

He looked at Hannibal helplessly, he would not be able to move him even an inch from where he lay. Will cursed silently to himself and looked just up the road to where a freeway was located. He knelt down to Hannibal and kissed his forehead.

“I’ll be right back, I promise.” Will whispered. “I have to get help.”

Will stood back up and started walking toward the road. His feet were killing him and it took everything he had to not fall down and give up. He kept going as he thought about what Hannibal must have had to do in order to bring them to where they were. Hannibal had carried him all that way with broken ribs, horrible wounds and a dislocated hip that didn’t heal right. Will was going to make it, he was determined.

He walked slowly, half dragging himself by the time he reached the main road before collapsing from exhaustion. He cursed at himself for being so weak, but there was nothing he could do about the months of starvation that took away all his strength.

Will mustered all of his strength and slowly picked himself up, he was so close. Cars drove by as if they did not see him, or were too scared to help him. He knew how he looked, he looked like death. After a few minutes of trying to wave down cars' attention an old looking police car pulled up beside him.

The police officer cautiously approaching him scared him and he wanted nothing more than to run away and hide in the protection of Hannibal’s arms. Hannibal. He couldn’t leave, he had to save him.

“Um, sir? Are you ok?” The policeman asked not wanting to get too close to Will, he looked fightening covered in blood and standing there basically naked. “Sir? Is that your blood?”

“Y-yes.” Will whimpered and started shaking.

“Oh my-” The cop tried to reach out to Will to support him, taking in the horror before him. “I need you to come with me, I can take you to a hospital.”

Will flinched away from the cops touch, shaking his head. He tried to tell him about Hannibal but the words were caught in his throat and he couldn’t speak. The cop didn’t seem happy with Will’s refusal to come and grabbed his arm, dragging him to his car.

Will began shrieking horribly as the cop held onto his broken arm. He ripped himself loose and ran back toward where he had left Hannibal. Rocks cut into his feet as he raced with everything in him from the cop who was right on his tail.

“Stop!” The cop yelled after him. “I am trying to help you!”

But Will didn’t stop running until he reached Hannibal's unconscious body and collapsed next to him, his body was screaming at him. The cops stopped in his tracks, taken back at the

sight of the two of them and threw up all over the road. He reached for his radio frantically as he walked closer to Will and Hannibal.

“I.. I need multiple ambulances at my position immediately and lots of backup.” The cop ordered. “I have two men who have suffered extreme trauma and I need it now!”

The cop kneeled down beside them and Will instinctively wrapped his arms around Hannibal protectively in case the man might want to hurt him.

“I’m not gonna hurt you. I promise.” The police officer reassured, but Will didn’t relax. “Can you tell me your names?”

“Will Graham.” Will said quietly, as he tried to determine if he should trust the stranger.

“And who is he?” The cop tried to smile at him, but it wasn’t convincing.

“Hannibal.” Will answered as he stroked the side of Hannibal’s face.

“Do you know who did this to you?” The cop pushed, hoping to figure out the mystery of these two men.

“Ben.”

“Whose Ben?”

“A very bad man.” Will growled, he did not want to talk about Ben anymore.

“Do you know how long you guys were with Ben?”

Will shook his head and tears streamed down his face. He didn’t know how long they had been held captive for, he didn’t know anything anymore.

“Thanks ok, I’m sure someone will help you figure it out.” Ben tried to comfort him. “Are you cold? I have a coat I can give you.”

Will looked up at him, he hadn’t even realized how exposed his body was. He had been dressed in only a small pair of shorts for so long that he had become used to the cold. He didn’t answer but the cop took off one of his coats and wrapped it around Will.

Will jumped at the sound of loud sirens blaring from the speakers of cop cars and ambulances as they raced down the road toward them. Cops poured out of cars and EMT’s ran over to where they were laying, carrying a stretcher. A mix of cops and doctors huddled around them and Will started hyperventilating, he was overwhelmed with the flashing lights and everyone trying to talk to him, but he was pushed over the edge when an EMT began pulling Hannibal away from him.

Will began lashing out, attacking anyone that tried to touch Hannibal. He was almost like a feral animal, biting and clawing anyone that got close to him.

“Don’t touch him!” Will screamed at them. “Don’t do that! Leave him alone!”

He looked terrifying, growling and screaming at everyone around them. A team of cops with protective body armor finally managed to pin him down and inject him with something that made him slowly lose consciousness.

Tears streamed out of his eyes and he cried weakly as he watched Hannibal be taken away from him and put into an ambulance.

“No! Hannibal!” Will whimpered. “Don’t leave me alone!”

He struggled against the drugs, trying not to let them take hold of him but as he was placed into his own ambulance, everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

I am currently writing the next chapter and it will be out as soon as possible. I have had no prior plans to this story and have been following wherever the story is taking me, and so far it has been a BLAST. I find myself laughing or extremely emotional as I am writing these cause I don’t know what’s gonna happen myself lol.

Anywho SUPER excited for the next chapters for character development >:)

Please let me know if you want Freddie Lounds to be her usually annoying self cause I feel like that could be fun. Also thanks for all the love so far, it’s very much appreciated!!

Lost Without You

Chapter Summary

Will is taken to the hospital and is rushed into surgery with Hannibal. Jack Crawford and the team come as fast they can to see them but things don't go as they plan.

Chapter Notes

Will goes crazy as he tries to reach Hannibal

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will could feel himself going in and out of consciousness as he is sped to the hospital. The noise of sirens blaring and doctors talking all around him, trying to assess the damage his body had been put through, made his head ache and he wanted to sleep back into the darkness.

“Stay with me, Will.” A nurse said, waving a small flashlight in front of his eyes.

Will groaned deeply from the pain of people moving him around and injecting him with needles. He didn't like needles. Ben had used needles. He tried to move but his body wasn't responding.

“Don't do that, Will,” A different doctor told him. “We need you to stay still.”

Will didn't want to stay still, he wanted to find Hannibal. He had been unable to move for months and he was tired of it. He wriggled and squirmed against the doctors holding him down. Pain shot through his body, but he didn't stop. Will screamed and cried out for Hannibal.

“Where's Hannibal?!” Will panicked. “Who are you? What did you do with him?”

“You were both in a horrible situation, we are taking you both to the hospital.” The doctor tried to reassure him. “We are paramedics, here to help you.”

“No, no no. I want Hannibal here now!” Will said, trying to get out of his stretcher. “Hannibal!”

“Sir, you need to stop moving.” A third doctor said as he held him down. “You need medical attention.”

“No, get away from me!” Will growled at them. “I don’t know you!”

“We are almost there. Just hold on a little more, Will.” The nurse said, relieved that they had finally arrived.

The ambulance pulled up to the hospital and the doors swung open. Medical personnel rushed toward them to take over from the paramedics.

“What have we got here?” A doctor asked.

“Male, mid-30’s, says his name is Will Graham. He is confused and disoriented, keeps asking for the man they found with him.”

“Ok, let’s get him inside.” The doctor waved them out of the car.

The doctors and nurses wheeled Will’s stretcher into the hospital, with Will still trying to fight them off and screaming for Hannibal.

“Let me go! Where is Hannibal?” Will shouted, drawing eyes from everywhere in the hospital.

“Will. We are going to give you a sedative.” A nurse spoke calmly to him and injected something into his arm. “This will help you relax.”

“No, no please.” Will begged, his words slurring as the drug took effect.

“You’re in good hands, sir. We’re going to take care of you.”

Will tried to keep his eyes open, not wanting to slip away in the hands of strangers. The last thing he saw as his eyes drifted shut was a group of people bursting through the front door yelling that they were FBI.

The man he had seen bust through the door was Jack Crawford, followed by Alana, Beverly, Jimmy and Brian.

“FBI, let us through.” Jack ordered the front desk woman who had stopped him. “We are on a case pertaining to the man you just rolled away.”

“I know that, sir. But I can’t let you see him yet.” The secretary tried to tell him. “He is going into surgery right now, but you can see him as soon as he is stable.”

“Fine.” Jack grumbled angrily. “When will he be stable?”

Jack tapped his fingers on the desktop as if to hurry the nurse who was looking for Will’s medical file. The FBI team were practically breathing down her neck while they waited impatiently.

“It could be a few hours, he has experienced unspeakable amounts of trauma.” She answered him while flipping through Will’s medical file the paramedics had written about him.

“Well, speak about it. What’s wrong with him?” Alana demanded. “We have been looking for Will and Hannibal for seven months. You are gonna tell us what’s wrong with him.”

The nurse looked at them, trying to decide if she should disclose Will’s information but finally caved.

“Well, he has multiple broken bones that need to be realigned, multiple infected and badly bleeding wounds that the doctors need to stitch up...” The nurse paused for a second when she saw the tears streaming down the faces of every member of the team. “He is also dangerously malnourished and the paramedics said there was obvious signs of sexual abuse.”

Sobs broke out from Beverly and she had to step away with Jimmy and Brian who cried with her. Jack and Alana forced their emotions to stay in check, and tried to get more information out of the front desk woman.

“And did they find a second man with Will?” Alana asked nervously.

“Yes, he was brought in a few moments before Will.” The nurses' faces let them know everything they needed. “His condition is much worse. The doctors are saying it’s a miracle that he is even still alive. I can’t tell you anymore about him, they weren’t sure about the full extent of his injuries, but they will soon. He is also in surgery.”

Jack thanked the woman and sat down on one of the waiting room chairs, sighing heavily. Beverly seemed to have collected herself the best she could and everyone else joined him, waiting to hear any update.

They had spent the last seven months searching non stop for Will and Hannibal. They had not shown up to work for three days, they were marked as a missing persons case. After five months of no progress, the higher up powers of the FBI had filed them as a cold case, but the team spent every minute of their free time looking for them. Today was the first sign of life from Will and Hannibal and the team dropped everything to come and see them. Not even an hour ago, they had thought them dead.

Hours passed and the team slowly drifted to sleep, lying around the waiting room. Jack opened his eyes slowly as he felt the tap of fingers on his shoulders and he looked up to see a doctor waiting for him and snapped awake.

“Will, Hannibal? Are they ok?” Jack blurted out, not waiting for the doctor to speak.

“Will is finally out of surgery. He is under a sedative right now, but he will wake up shortly.” The doctor answered, flipping through his notes. “As for Hannibal, he is still in surgery, but he will be out soon. Both are alive and will recover physically, but as for their physiological health. They might never be the same people you once knew.”

Jack's heart sank hearing that both Will and Hannibal could be permanently damaged, but felt overjoyed that they would both recover.

“Can we see Will now though?” Beverly asked, standing up from the ground.

“I would recommend that only Mr. Crawford comes with me for the time being. Will might not recognize anyone and it would be best to not overwhelm him with a large crowd of people.” The doctor replied, still looking through his notes. “But as soon as he starts making progress, you can see him as much as you like.”

Beverly’s face had trouble hiding her disappointment and sat down, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“If you say it’ll help him, then of course.” She said weakly. “Give him our best Jack.”

“I will, I’ll tell you guys everything when I get back.” Jack waved to them as he followed the doctor down a private hall toward the Intensive Care Unit rooms. Nurses and medical personnel rushed around them as they entered Will’s room.

Jack had to step back for a second when he saw Will. His once healthy, ruggedly good-looking colleague looked almost completely different. His curly hair was long and unkempt, his normally small figure was almost skeleton-like under his hospital gown. His face was hollow and his bruises stuck out like a sore thumb against his pale skin.

Will let out a small groan as his sedative began to wear off, and although the drugs in his system made his pain go away, his body ached with every breath. His eyes fluttered open and he tried to take in his surroundings.

“Will, I am Dr. Cosland.” The doctor that led Jack into Will’s room spoke softly to him, checking his vitals. “How are you feeling?”

Will flinched away from the doctor as if he just noticed the people in his room. He desperately wanted to run away, but he couldn’t. His hands and stomach were held down by restraints and he struggled against them.

“Will, please calm down.” Dr. Cosland tried to reassure him. “You are in the hospital. No one is going to hurt you.”

Will let out an almost animal-like growl at the doctor, he didn’t know him. He didn’t trust the strange man. He could only trust Hannibal. Hannibal... Where was Hannibal? Why wasn’t he with him? Will felt a wave of anger and fear wash over him as he realized that the doctors had taken Hannibal from him.

“Where is Hannibal? What did you do to him?” Will hissed at the doctor in an accusatory tone. “I want Hannibal!”

“Yes, I know you want Hannibal, but you can’t see him right now. He is getting out of surgery.” The doctor tried to explain, but knew Will wasn’t happy with his answer when he saw his eyes narrowed at him. “But I have an old friend and colleague of yours here, who is hoping to see you.”

Will’s eyes moved across the room, locking onto Jack. He bit his lip as he tried to place the strange man. He must have known him, his face was familiar but he couldn’t remember who

he was. He shifted uncomfortably in his bed as the man stared at him. Will felt a pang of guilt as the man's face dropped, realizing Will did not recognize him.

"Will, you know me. I'm Jack Crawford, your colleague from the FBI." Jack's heart sank as he started to understand the full extent of Will's mental trauma. "I'm your friend."

Will shook his head, still squirming in his restraints. He no longer wanted to be near this Jack man. As far as he was concerned, he did not trust anyone here, no matter who they said they were. All of them were in the way of him seeing Hannibal.

"Where is Hannibal?" Will repeated, hoping the doctor would tell him something different.

"I already told you before, Hannibal is getting out of surgery." The doctor sounded almost annoyed at him.

"I want to see him." Will demanded.

"Like I said before, you can not see Hannibal," Dr. Cosland said sternly. "You may talk with Mr. Crawford here though, he has a few questions for you."

Will grumbled angrily and mentally noted how much he disliked Dr. Cosland. He was not going to comply with anything he said.

Jack walked over to the side of Will's bed, pulling up a chair and sat down beside him. He tried to grab Will's hand but stopped when Will flinched away from him.

"I'm sorry," Jack apologized when he remembered the physical abuse he had been through and tried to remind himself not to touch Will.

Will watched him suspiciously, unsure as to why he was so close to him or what he wanted.

"Will, I need to ask you about what happened to you." Jack said, trying to get over his emotions, he still had a job to do. "Can you tell me how you were taken?"

"I... a crash, I think." Will stuttered, the day he had been taken felt as if it had happened years ago and he couldn't really remember anything from that time. "I d-don't remember."

"That's ok, anything you can remember helps." Jack tried to be supportive and not push too hard but he was desperate for answers. "Can you tell me about what happened to you and Hannibal?"

"No." Will said coldly, he did not want to relive what had happened and he had no plans to tell a strange man about the abuse he had gone through.

Jack's face hardened, he was not happy with Will's answer. Will flinched, everytime Ben had been upset he had beat him, and he prepared himself for the worst. Jack quickly regained his composure as he watched horrified, seeing that Will thought he was going to hurt him.

"I'm not going to ever hurt you, Will. No matter what you say." Jack promised Will.

Will nodded at him, but he didn't believe him. He just wanted to see Hannibal and this man was in his way.

"I want Hannibal."

"Yes, I want to see Hannibal too. I am his friend as well." Jack gave him a small smile.

Will felt a wave of possessiveness wash over him as he watched Jack talk about Hannibal. Hannibal was his, not Jack's. His. He could feel his chest tighten as tears began streaming down his cheeks. He wanted Hannibal. Will sniffed and tried to wipe his tears away, but more replaced them as soon as they had left. He felt embarrassed as this Jack guy watched him cry.

"What's wrong?" Jack asked him, noticing none of the doctors seemed concerned.

Will was about to answer him when he saw a group of doctors rushing down the hall, pushing a bed with Hannibal inside of it. His heart raced, and he forgot everyone in the room around him.

"Hannibal!" Will yelled, trying to get out of the bed but his restraints held him in place. It was not fair, he needed Hannibal and they would not let him have him.

"Will-" Jack tried to shush him but was cut off.

"I want Hannibal! Hannibal!" Will shrieked, thrashing in his bed. He kicked his feet violently and mustered all his strength to try and free his hands but he was ineffective. The pain in his broken arm didn't even seem to faze him as his temporary cast started falling apart.

Will could hear doctors shouting at him, but that only upset him more as they pushed Jack out of the room and tried to hold him down. Jack watched in horror as his once very timid colleague screamed like a feral dog.

A painful cry from the room next to Will's rang out loudly and everything fell silent. Will recognized the sound instantly. It was Hannibal. They had become very familiar with the sound of each other's cries during their imprisonment.

"Will! No, He is just waking up from his sedative and is pain from surgery." Dr. Copland tried to calm him down. "He's ok."

"Hannibal!" Will screamed as loud as he possibly could. He was so close to Hannibal and he wasn't allowed to see him. Anger coursed through his veins, someone had hurt Hannibal. A new sense of strength washed over him and he ripped his arms free of his restraints. Before the doctor could grab him, he slipped out of his bed and ran toward the direction Hannibal's cry had come from.

Will ran past Jack who was too stunned to stop him and bursted into Hannibal's room. He stopped in the doorway as he took in Hannibal. He was covered in stitches and looked much worse in the light. His face was brightly colored with bruises, and he had all kinds of tubes and wires connected to him.

"Hannibal?" Will practically whispered as he moved closer to Hannibal.

A nurse reached to grab him but was stopped by Dr. Cosland who wanted to see what he would do, and didn't want her to get hurt if Will lashed out. Jack watched curiously from the hallway, not allowed to enter the room, as Will moved toward Hannibal.

Hannibal flinched at the feeling of someone touching him, but quickly relaxed when he saw that it was Will. Everyone was quiet as they watched Will take off Hannibal's restraints and crawl into his hospital bed, being careful that he didn't any of Hannibal's cords. Hannibal's whole body screamed at him as Will curled up against his chest, but he didn't care. He wrapped his arms around Will and pulled him closer to him.

"You're safe now." Hannibal whispered to him in a soft, soothing tone and for the first time in seven months, Will did feel safe, wrapped in the arms of the man he loved.

Chapter End Notes

Wow that chapter was a roller coaster trying to write it lol

Also please let me know if you want them to sort of remember certain people like Beverly, cause I think that might be fun.

The next chapter will be coming out soon, I'm writing it rn. Will and Hannibal are recovering and get an unwanted visit by a certain rude red headed woman.

Thanks for all of the love!! Cant believe ive gotten so much god feedback on this story, i love you all

A Powerful Bite

Chapter Summary

Tensions rise as the doctors try to move Will and Hannibal into a different room, and uneasy feelings rise in Jack as he notices one of the main doctors acting suspiciously.

Chapter Notes

Hannibal freaks out when the doctors try to take Will from him.

This one was interesting to write cause I decided halfway through for a certain new character to have an evil agenda.

I am writing this on a computer so this chapter is not too long, but I think on a phone its quite a hefty amount.

Anywho... Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack pushed his way through the crowd of doctors entranced by the scene playing out in front of them, unsure of what they were supposed to do, and grabbed Dr. Cosland by the arm to get his attention. He looked over at Jack who signaled for him to follow him into the hallway and reluctantly agreed.

“What the hell just happened?” Jack demanded. “That was not Will, that was some... animal.”

“Like I tried to tell you before, Mr. Crawford.” The doctor sighed. “Will might not be the man you once knew. He is a victim of horrible abuse and has been treated like an animal for seven months. It is very likely he adopted an animal-like mindset in order to survive.”

“He didn’t even recognize me,” Jack continued. “Why is that? How long will it be before he knows who I am?”

“It’s difficult to determine these kinds of situations, it is very possible that he might never recognize you.” Dr. Cosland tried to break the news to him gently but it shattered

Jack’s whole world. “You have a greatly increased chance of him remembering you the more you come and see him though. Maybe bring things from his past that could spark his memory...”

“And Hannibal?” Jack asked and looked back toward the room to see Hannibal’s eyes locked on him, watching him suspiciously. “What is happening with him?”

“Well, Hannibal is a whole different story. He is physically much worse than Will, and much more violent. And as for his mental stability...” The doctor paused for a moment, intrigued as he noticed Hannibal watching Jack. “He has suffered lots of head trauma, but he seems to have a better grasp on who people are... He seems to know you from the looks of it.”

“What is with their... Relationship? Will is straight, he didn’t even like being around Hannibal.” Jack wondered out loud as he remembered Will thrashing around screaming for Hannibal, and only now that he was wrapped in his arms, did Will look peaceful.

“It is possible that Hannibal had protected him while they were being held captive; he most likely associates Hannibal with safety.” Dr. Cosland nodded to himself, like he was just coming to that conclusion. “It would explain why Hannibal was wounded much worse than Will was, and why they become violent when separated.”

The doctor scribbled something down on his notepad as an idea formed in his mind, and he looked almost excited.

“Doctor?” Jack looked at him strangely. “What are you doing?”

“It is rare to see such a strong bond formed between victims in this situation, especially when both make it out alive.” Dr. Cosland answered him as he continued writing. “I will need to move them to another part of the hospital where they can be more safely observed, so we can try out some experiments and record their progress.”

“They aren’t lab rats, Dr. Cosland.” Jack said sternly as an unsettling feeling washed over him seeing the doctor so pleased about studying them. “They are human beings.”

“I know that, Mr. Crawford.” The doctor practically glared at him. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I think you should go back to your friends in the waiting room.”

Jack knew it was not a suggestion, and he looked back over to Hannibal who was still watching him. He nodded and turned to leave, feeling disturbed by the doctor but he knew there was nothing he could do until he got actual proof he was doing something bad.

He angrily pushed the doors into the waiting room open, grumbling to himself. Will didn’t recognize him, Hannibal seemed to but it felt as if what he knew about Jack was not good. Jack cursed at himself for not having treated them better and he made a silent promise to himself that he would do everything in his power to keep them out of the hands of creeps.

Beverly’s face dropped when she saw the expression on Jack’s face as he walked toward them and sank into one of the chairs.

“So?” Beverly asked impatiently. “Did you see Will? What was he like? Did he say-”

“Beverly,” Jack stopped her. “Will... he’s not well. He isn’t... Will.”

“What does that mean?” Beverly asked and the rest of the group agreed, they didn’t understand what he meant.

“H-he didn’t even know who I was,” Jack could feel his eyes starting to water. “He looked... damaged, nothing like the Will we knew. He was acting almost feral, screaming and thrashing around. He’s dangerous.”

Everyone was silent, trying to process what Jack had just told them. The man that they once knew, a quiet but caring man, was violent. It didn’t seem right, it couldn’t be right.

“No, no, no that doesn’t sound like Will.” Beverly whimpered, not wanting to believe her best friend had been so horribly changed. “I don’t believe you.”

“Beverly, I still am having trouble understanding as well.” Jack tried to console her. “But the person Will was, is gone. At least for now, the doctor said that he will start to remember everything but it could take time.”

Beverly nodded, but she couldn’t stop herself from crying. Jimmy and Brian both sat beside her and tried to comfort her, they knew how much she wanted Will back.

“And, what about Hannibal?” Jimmy asked, breaking the silence. “Did you see him? Is he any better than Will?”

Jack nodded and thought back to Hannibal’s eyes watching him as if he was looking into his soul and chills spread down his spine.

“Yes, I did. The doctors said his injuries are much worse than Will’s...” He paused as images of Hannibal’s much thinner figure and the massive wounds that covered his face and body. His bloodshot eyes locked on Jack, flashed across his mind “Mentally, they aren’t certain but he was also showing signs of violence. Although... It almost felt as if he recognized me.”

“Oh! Well that’s excellent news,” Alana piped in. “If Hannibal was able to recognize you, I’m sure he will help Will start to understand as well.”

The group was startled by a loud, drawn out scream coming from the Intensive Care Unit and jumped out of their seats to see what was going on. They stood, watching anxiously as several security guards ran past them.

The screams came from Hannibal’s room, emitting from one of the nurses. She had been told by Dr. Cosland to start the process of removing Will from Hannibal’s bed, partially so that they could start transporting them into another section, and because he was curious about what would happen if someone tried to separate them.

The nurse had not even touched Will for more than a moment before Hannibal’s bloodshot eyes opened and he sank his teeth into her hand. Her blood curdling scream made everyone jump and rush to help her. The doctors tried to pry Hannibal’s mouth open, but he only became more enraged, tearing his teeth further into her hand.

By the time the guards had arrived to help, blood was everywhere and the nurse passed out as Hannibal finally released her. He looked absolutely terrifying with his red teeth and his blood covered face, as he tried to keep the doctors away from Will.

It took six guards in order to hold Hannibal down and pull Will off of him and finally get him back into his restraints. Hannibal thrashed around violently screaming bloody murder and this only seemed to upset Will more as he yelled at the doctors and squirmed against the guards who were dragging him back to his own room to be restrained.

“Will! Will! Don’t Touch him!” Hannibal screamed in agony as he watched the security guards drag Will away. “Will! Let him Go! I’ll Kill you!! I’ll kill every single one of you! Don’t hurt him!”

Every single person in the Intensive Care Unit was running around and trying to calm down the situation, except for Dr. Cosland who stood in the corner watching Hannibal, fascinated by the way he had sensed the nurse touching Will before he had even opened his eyes. He could feel an obsession growing in him about these two men and he couldn’t wait to start observing them.

The sounds of Hannibal and Will’s cries echoed throughout the hospital and medical personnel came running from all around to try and help. Dr. Cosland finally grabbed one of the nurses and ordered her to sedate both Hannibal and Will, who still had not stopped streaming for each other.

“No, no, no! Don’t touch me!” Hannibal snapped at the nurse, but in his restraints he was unable to get away from her.

“Hold still, sir.” The nurse tried to calm him down as she injected his IV with a sedative. “This will help you relax.”

“No, please. Please don’t, please...” Hannibal pleaded with her as the drugs began to take effect. “Please no...”

There was an audible sigh from almost every person in the Intensive Care Unit as the cries slowly stopped. Dr. Cosland sent all of the extra help away with the wounded nurse and walked over to Hannibal, who lay unconscious, covered in blood.

He leaned over Hannibal, closely observing him, writing down where stitches had reopened and writing down reminders that he bites. Courisusly, he pushed Hannibal’s lip up with his pen revealing his fangs.

“Interesting.” The doctor whispered quietly and wrote something down on his notepad.

“Dr. Cosland?” A nurse tapped him on the shoulder. “They are ready to be moved to the Observation Room.”

“Good.” Dr. Cosland took a step back from Hannibal and nodded. “Take them.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok so I definitely gotta bring Freddie Lounds in soon to harass them and I can't wait to write Dr. Copland as an evil doctor >:)

Rip Hannigram they can't get a break

I am starting on my next chapter and it will be out asap. In the next one, Dr. Cosland starts some experiments on them.

Also im trying to write Jack as nice as possible... it's very difficult. And if any of you have a problem that Beverly is still alive, too bad lol I love Beverly and I couldn't have her be dead.

The Illusion Of Safety

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will begin to realize that just because they are no longer in Ben's prison doesn't mean the nightmares are going to stop.

Chapter Notes

I am eternally grateful to each and everyone of you that have stuck with this story this far. I know it started off kind of rocky but I am finally getting the hang of writing something like this, and I promise you it'll get even better.

If you are reading this, thank you. Thank you so much, I love you <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will's eyes fluttered open as he tried to take in the new room he woke up in. He was still strapped down to his hospital bed, but he didn't struggle when he saw Hannibal in a bed beside his own, still asleep.

Will looked around the room, they were in a large white room with one-way mirrors on every wall and a single door. It was completely empty besides the two beds that Hannibal and him were tied to. He could feel eyes watching him through the glass but the only thing he saw was his reflection staring back at him.

Suddenly the door opened and a doctor appeared, escorted by a guard who positioned himself in front of the exit. It took a moment for Will to remember his face, but as soon as the man stepped closer to him he recognized him immediately. Dr. Cosland stood beside Will's bed smiling at him.

"Hello, Will. I am Dr. Cosland, I am in charge of taking care of you and Hannibal here until you are healthy enough to leave." The man explained. "Or when we have determined that you are no longer a threat to yourself and the people around you."

"How long will that be?" Will asked, surprised at how hard it was for him to speak. His throat felt sore and abused from all of his screaming.

"That depends on how you both respond to treatment. We need to keep an eye on you, observing you closely for at least a few days before we can give you an answer."

“What treatment?” Hannibal demanded, the doctor hadn’t noticed him waking up as he talked to Will. “And why are you observing us?”

“Of course you're curious, I would be too, but it’s nothing bad. You’re both going to be needing lots of care and antibiotics to treat your wounds and help you recover from your trauma.” Dr. Cosland said, clearing his throat. “Your situation is incredibly rare, and we hope to study what happened to both of you while we have you in our care. It’ll be mainly jotting down some notes on how you respond to different things or scenarios. We will be checking on you regularly to make sure you are comfortable and that your pain is managed correctly.”

“What’s with the room? Seems unethical for a hospital to keep its patients in an empty room without so much as a toilet.” Will scoffed. He was not a fan of the idea that he was going to be some lab rat. Especially one with such a lousy room.

“Seriously, at least our old prison had a drain.” Hannibal laughed at Will’s comment.

“We kept the room empty because we did not want to overwhelm either of you, because last time something made you uneasy, one of our nurse's hands was almost bitten off. But in a moment I can have some of the staff bring in your furniture. This is not a prison” The doctor smiled at them, but there was something more behind his eyes but Will couldn’t put a finger on it. “Make you feel more at home during your stay with us. I can also have your restraints removed if you agree to comply with the medical staff, but if you show any signs of aggression they are right back on.”

Will looked over at Hannibal, who seemed to be ok with the terms and nodded his head. He didn’t care what he had to do. He just wanted to be with Hannibal.

“Before I go, Will. A nurse is going to be coming in later tomorrow to put a cast around your arm. Finally get rid of that temporary one you got on there.” Dr. Cosland said, shooting finger guns at him in an almost playful manner.

“Yay.” Will said flatly and looked over at Hannibal as if to say ‘can you believe this guy’. He did not like Dr. Cosland and he was not going to be his friend. The only reason he was remotely trying to be nice to him was because he didn’t want Hannibal taken away.

Dr. Cosland awkwardly laughed and cleared his throat as he looked at Hannibal, whose face didn’t even try to hide how uncomfortable he found that interaction.

“Ok then, I’ll see you both in a bit.” He said and opened the door for the furniture people to enter before leaving.

Their room was decorated with books, paintings, tables and chairs, as well as all kinds of childrens toys and drawing supplies. Their beds were still positioned in the center of the room and they sat there patiently waiting to be released from their bonds as nurses attended to them, checking their vitals, administering medications and cleaning the blood off Hannibal’s face.

Behind the one-way mirrors a team of doctors and other medical personnel watched intently and checked monitors while going about their business. Dr. Cosland stood in front of one of the mirrors with a small looking assistant beside him.

“Interesting.” Cosland said quietly as he watched Will and Hannibal talk to each other as nurses gave them shots and frequently touched them. “Look how unbothered they are when they are able to be around each other, a completely different reaction from when they were separated. Write that down.”

The assistant nodded and started recording all of the doctor's observations.

“Put a note in there for later.”

“What would you like it to be for?” The assistant asked. She was eager to please Dr. Cosland, as she was his new assistant and desperately wanted to keep her job. Cosland was notorious for firing people only moments after they were hired and she was determined to be the one who stayed.

“Write down, ‘take patient 1 and 2 and put them into separate rooms, have the nurses do their routine check ups.’ I’m curious as to how they will react, and what they would be ok with as long as they think it’ll keep them in the same space.”

The assistant paused for a second. She knew about the rumors around Dr. Cosland, that he had weird obsessions with patients and performed unethical experiments on them, but she never thought they could be real.

“Is there a problem, Ms. Daisy?” Dr. Cosland asked, narrowing his eyes at her.

“No problem.” She quickly replied and scribbled down his reminder. She knew what she was doing could be wrong, but she needed this job and it seemed like a small price to pay.

“Good.” He replied, and continued watching his patients and having her write down notes.

The medical staff finished their checks, and all of the furniture had been set up. All of the staff exited their room except for a small, old looking nurse who was to release them from their beds.

“Now, if I let you out of those restraints, do you promise you won’t attack me?” The nurse asked both Will and Hannibal. She had been there when Hannibal had bitten the other nurse for touching Will. “Because if you do, they put you two in different rooms.”

“I promise I won’t hurt you,” Hannibal smiled at her. She was such a nice looking old lady, and she had never once been rude the entire time she had been checking their vitals. “I wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Same, you’re too sweet.” Will agreed, he liked her. She had been nice person he had met so far and he didn’t want her to be replaced by Dr. Cosland if they did anything bad.

“Well aren’t you two just the nicest young men.” She laughed and started to unlock Hannibal's hands. “But don’t think I don’t see what you’re trying to do, lather me up so I let

you go faster.”

“Guilty,” Hannibal grinned at her. He liked her too.

“Well it’s working.” She chuckled and undid Hannibal’s last restraint.

As soon as he was free, Hannibal started to get out of the bed but the nurse stopped him.

“Hold on for a second there, you stay right there until I have helped Will and excited the room.” She told Hannibal. As much as she liked them, she did not fully trust that they would not harm her.

Hannibal agreed but it took everything inside of him to not run over to Will the second he could move. He shifted impatiently as he watched Will be released. He knew the nurse was old, but my word, could she be any slower?

“Ok now boys, I’m going to be leaving. You should be careful trying to get up too fast, the drugs in your system have taken away your pain, but you still hurt. You are not even close to being fully recovered yet.” The nurse nicely warned them as she left the room. “I’ll see you soon.”

Not even a second after she was gone, Will jumped out of his bed in excitement to finally be with Hannibal. Apparently, he was too excited because when he finally embraced Hannibal, his momentum kept going and they fell off the bed. They found themselves lying on the floor, with massive smiles on their faces.

The nurse that had just left turned back around when she heard the loud crash, and reached for the handle to go help them.

“Stop!” A booming voice shouted at her and she pulled back her hand immediately.

“But- they could be hurt.” She protested until she saw Dr. Cosland stepped forward. He was the top doctor in charge and she could not fight him.

“They look fine, look at their smiles.” He tried to say in a nice tone, but it came off as very creepy. “Now, please return to what you were doing and let us handle this.”

By ‘handle this’ she knew he meant watch how it played out and enjoy the show, but there was nothing more she could do. She nodded her head and reluctantly left.

“Oh my word, I am so sorry!” Will laughed, looking down at Hannibal who lay underneath him. “Are you ok?”

“Wow! That woke me up,” Hannibal laughed as well, he couldn’t believe Will had just tackled him to the ground. “But yes, I’m ok. What about you, are you ok?”

“Pfft I’m fine, I had you to soften the blow.” Will teased and leaned down to Hannibal to give him a small kiss. “Thank you.”

“I’ll be needing a better apology than that, but it works for now.” Hannibal grinned, giving him a kiss back. “Thank god you’re so light, I think you might have killed me.”

“That’s one thing to be thankful for, I guess.” Will grinned at him. “How are your ribs feeling?”

“Squished, but I’m not complaining.” Hannibal smirked as he ran his fingers through Will’s curls for the first time in months.

“You’d never complain to keep me here forever, but I can see that you’re in pain.” Will smiled and knelt beside Hannibal.

“Party pooper.” Hannibal teased and gave Will a pouting frown.

“Mmhm,” Will laughed and shook his head at Hannibal, before giving him a kiss. “Now get your lazy ass off the floor, I wanna look around our room.”

“Look around yourself, I’m pretty sure I’ll never move again.” Hannibal groaned dramatically, first as a joke when Will helped him stand up, but they quickly became real painful groans.

It was not long ago that both Hannibal and Will were chained to a wall, unable to move, and his body was not a fan of all the sudden activity.

“I’m sorry…” Will said, frowning at the obvious pain Hannibal was in. He gave Hannibal another kiss before quickly pulling him toward the massive shelf of books that lined their wall.

Hannibal followed behind Will happily. He couldn’t deny the fact that he too wanted to explore all of the new items that filled their fancy new cage. Even though Dr. Cosland ensured them that they were not being held captive here, he knew that they were not free to leave. He decided that he might as well enjoy this place to the best he could, after all he was with Will. What more could he ask for.

Will picked out an old looking book and began flipping through its pages curiously. It had been so long since he had even reqd a book, let alone touched one.

“Ah, a first edition of Dante’s Inferno. How delightful,” Hannibal remarked happily as he looked at the book Will was scanning through. “I remember enjoying that one. Very interesting concept.”

“Of course you’ve read this book,” Will laughed and turned to face Hannibal. “So… Worth my time?”

“Well… I liked it, but I don’t believe it would be your kind of book.” Hannibal grinned at Will and handed him a picture book with a fish on the cover. “I think you’d enjoy this one much better.”

“Oh haha, very funny.” Will rolled his eyes at Hannibal, who looked too pleased with his own joke. He tried to look offended, but failed horribly as he couldn’t stop himself from

laughing. “Laugh it up, but just know, I’m... actually gonna read that later. Give it to me.”

Hannibal shook his head and laughed as Will took the book and placed it on the floor near his bed. Will could feel his cheeks flush pink as he set down his picture book. He felt silly taking it, but he was actually curious about its content, plus it had been a long time since he had been fishing and he missed everything about it.

Will looked around the room as if he was deciding what he wanted to explore next, when a small box caught his eye in the corner of the room. It was an old wooden chest, but its lid was closed and Will desperately wanted to see what it held.

“Oh, no way! Look at this!” Will said excitedly as he looked through the contents of the box.

“What is it?” Hannibal asked curiously and walked over beside Will.

Hannibal's eyebrows raise as Will pulls out a deck of cards and hands them to him.

“Let’s play a game, are you up for it?” Will asked, his voice full of excitement.

“A game? I’m curious. What game do you propose we play?” Hannibal replied, intrigued at the old box of cards in his hands.

“War. You know how to play, don’t you?” Will smirked. He was a master at war and rarely lost.

“Of course, Will. I’m not entirely uncivilized.”

They both took a seat on the floor, as there was no table in their room and began to shuffle the deck of cards. Will dealt out their hands and the game began. As they played, the room seemed to come alive with their laughter and the friendly competitive tension between them. It was as if they had completely forgotten their situation and were simply enjoying each other’s company.

After a few rounds of war, they were evenly tied. Will desperately wanted to win against Hannibal, and it looked as if he might actually do it. As their cards continued to be laid down, he took more and more of the pile until it was obvious that he had the victory.

“Have I told you how great your hair looks today...” Hannibal said as he placed down his last card slowly.

“Flattery will get you nowhere in this scenario, Hannibal.” Will laughed as he placed his card down and won the game. “Hahaha sucker! I win!”

“Well, worth a shot.” Hannibal grinned and shrugged his shoulders. “Congratulations on your victory you brat.”

“Why thank you,” Will smiled at him. “If it makes you feel any better, you fought valiantly.”

“It does actually.” Hannibal smirked and gave Will a kiss on the forehead as he stood up.

“I-” Will began but stopped abruptly and Hannibal turned around to see what had stopped him.

A guard had opened the door and Dr. Cosland entered with a clipboard in his hand. Hannibal could have sworn he heard an audible sigh come from Will. He knew Will disliked the man, and solely based on that, he hated him as well.

“It is time for both of you to go to sleep.”

“We have a bedtime here?” Hannibal asked in disbelief. No one had given him a bed time since he was about 5, let alone tell him he should be sleeping. Dr. Cosland just nodded at him and motioned for them to return to their beds.

“And what if we don’t want to?” Will asked suspiciously. He knew they would have no say in the matter but he wanted to hear the doctor say it outloud.

“I will be forced to have my guards restrain you to your beds and have to separate you.” Dr. Cosland said bluntly. His voice sounded calm but inside he felt anxious to see how they would react and if his theory that they would obey as long as they thought they could stay together was correct. “Or, you could comply and we won’t have to move you into separate rooms.”

Hannibal looked over his shoulder to Will who gave him a small nod before he reluctantly walked over to his bed, and Will followed right behind him.

“I’m glad that you decided to not make this more difficult than it needed to be. I hope that we will continue to do things smoothly, and without complication.” Dr. Cosland smiled at them. “Now please get into your own beds, and have a good night.”

Hannibal quickly glanced at Will who was standing to his left, meeting his eyes. Will’s eyebrows raised at Hannibal as if to say ‘wow, the nerve of this guy’. He nodded his agreement. He finally found his own reason to hate the man; he was rude and manipulative. Two things Hannibal couldn’t stand.

Dr. Cosland stood watching them as they both grumbled and got into their beds.

“Thank you for your cooperation. Nurses will come in periodically in the night to check in on you and run some tests, so don’t be surprised if they wake you up.” Dr. Cosland grinned and turned to leave. “Sleep well.”

And just like that they were alone again... well not really. Hannibal and Will could both feel dozens of eyes watching them from behind the mirrors as they lay quietly in their beds. Within a few moments, the lights in their room dimmed until they could barely see the bed next to them.

“Well, I guess goodnight.” Will said quietly from his bed and looked over at Hannibal who was trying to get comfortable in his twin sized hospital bed.

“Goodnight, Will.” Hannibal smiled at him and closed his eyes. Even though he deeply disliked being forced to go to bed, he did not deny the fact that he needed some sleep. It had been a long time since he had had a peaceful night's sleep and he was happy to welcome it.

Will shifted uncomfortably under his covers. His paper-like hospital gown felt weird against his skin and he couldn't shake the uneasy feeling of not being able to sleep next to Hannibal. Even though he was just a few feet away from him, Hannibal felt miles away.

Eventually sleep found Will, but it was far from peaceful and before he knew it he woke up screaming covered in sweat. He glared over to Hannibal who sat up instantly and watched him, unsure if he could leave his bed.

Fear washed over Will and he began shaking, desperately wanting Hannibal to hold him. This feeling must have registered on his face because Hannibal quickly slipped out of his bed, and cautiously tiptoed to Will's bed. As soon as he reached Will's beside, he scooped Will into his arms and brought him over to his own bed which was not drenched in sweat. He groaned painfully as he placed Will into his own bed, his ribs screaming at him to stop.

Hannibal crawled into the bed and pulled Will into his lap, holding him tightly in his arms. He let a kiss linger on Will's forehead as he rocked Will back and forth in a calming rhythm. Will's body ached in a way he couldn't explain and he felt unbearably disgusting, drenched in sweat. He felt guilty as well, knowing that as Hannibal held him, he was getting soaked. But Hannibal didn't seem to mind as his body language was relaxed, welcoming Will and all his sweat.

Will allowed his body to lean into Hannibal, releasing all of his tension as Hannibal rocked him soothingly and kissed him gently. A choked sob tore out of Will's chest, as all of the emotions of the last seven months finally erupted. All of the pain and suffering, the torment and anxiety came out of him in loud, painful sounding sobs. As Hannibal held him, he had no idea just how desperately he needed to let it all out.

He sat crying like a frightened child, curled up against Hannibal who never left him. He had never felt more grateful for Hannibal's love than in that moment. Throughout their entire time in captivity, Hannibal had never given up on him and even now, he was putting Will's needs above his own and stayed beside him.

“It's just a nightmare, Will. You're ok. You're safe.” Hannibal whispered as he held Will's shaking body closer to his. His fingers gently massaged the back of Will's head. “You're safe now, Will. I have you, I won't let anything happen to you.” Hannibal's voice sounded exhausted. He needed sleep desperately, but he forced himself to stay awake the entire night as he comforted Will. He could always sleep later.

Ok so idk If I want to make Dr. Cosland super evil, more like he is just creepy and have an unexpected person like... Mason Verger, be introduced and have him sort of in charge of the program. Please let me know if you want Dr. Cosland to be evil or have Mason Verger be the villain rn. Mason will be in it later too if you do decide you want Dr. Cosland btw

I am gonna get started on the next chapter asap, but it might take a wee bit longer then these past ones too be published cause I have Finals Week >:(stinking school.

Thanks so much for sticking with me so far!! I can't emphasize just how much it means to me <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!